

# The SILENT WORKER



Vol. 37, No. 3  
**DECEMBER 1924**  
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A  
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to all our Subscribers



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THE SILENT WORKER  
TRENTON, N. J.





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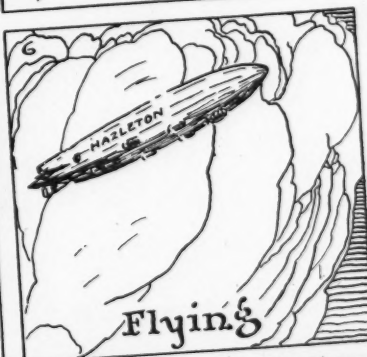
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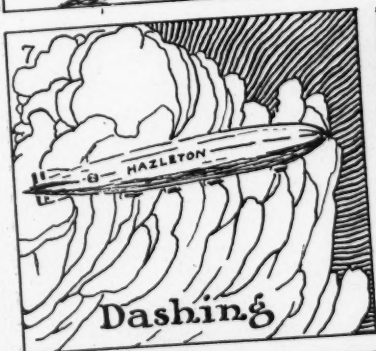
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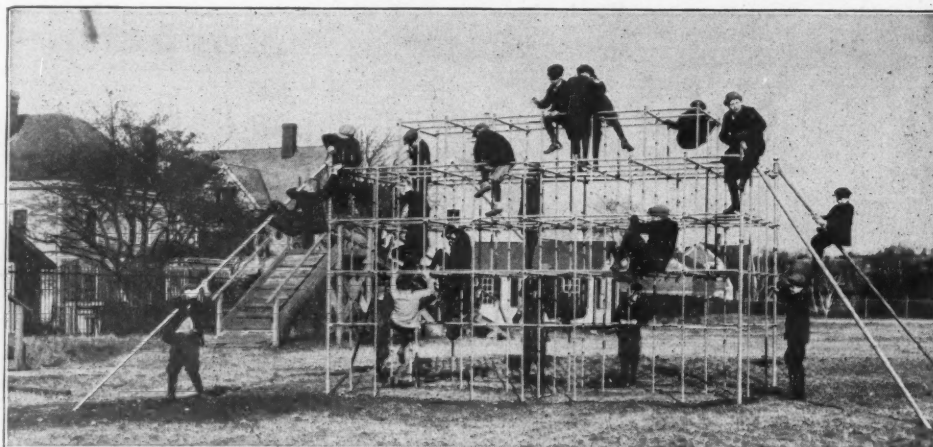
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# *The Silent Worker*

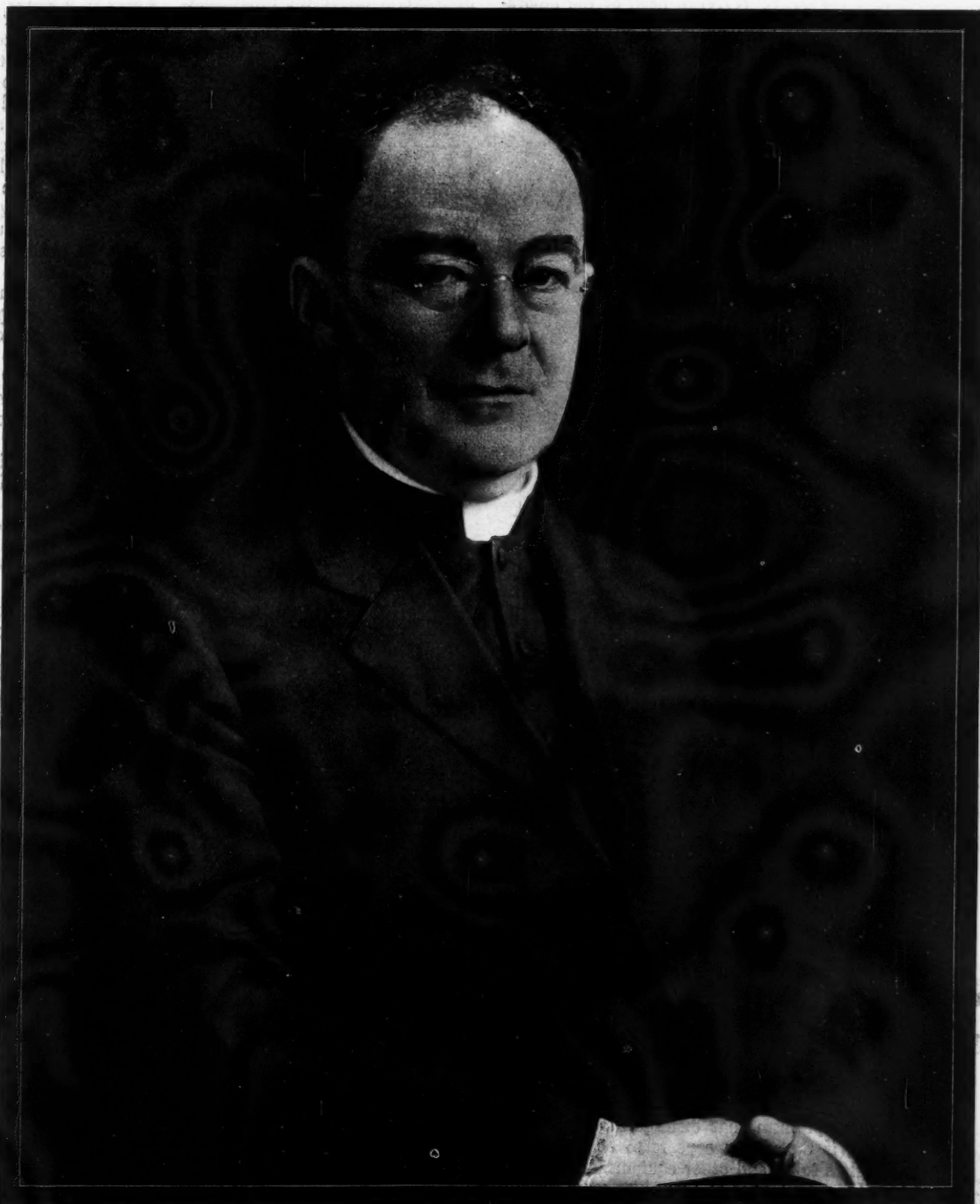
*An Illustrated Monthly Magazine For, By and About the Deaf of the English-Reading World*

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## Deaf Persons of Note



THE LATE REVEREND CHARLES ORVIS DANTZER, M.A.

Born September 19, 1864. Died October 26, 1924.

## Deaf and Dumb, Milwaukee Doctor Overcomes Handicap With Optimism

*Unable to Talk or Hear, Dr. Clyde S. Jones, Head of Veteran's Bureau Laboratory Here, Has Made Success of Life by Sheer Determination to Serve Humanity.*

By **CONSTANCE BURNHAM**

(From the Milwaukee Sunday Magazine)



**R. CLYDE S. JONES**, head of the laboratory at the Milwaukee sub-district office of the United States veterans' bureau, would be the last person to admit that he has overcome tremendous handicaps.

"Handicaps? Difficulties?" He writes the words on



Dr. Clyde S. Jones, graduate physician and bacteriologist, has achieved a career of service in spite of his inability to speak or hear.

a slip of paper with lightning speed and smiles with amusement. Then his face becomes serious and he writes, "I am very lucky to have found work that requires only eyes."

The reason for the written conversation is that Dr. Jones, who has been in Milwaukee about a year and a half, has been deaf and dumb since he was 18 months old. Yet in spite of the fact that he can neither hear nor speak, he has won three scientific and medical degrees, has been professor of histology and pathology in the St. Louis College of Physicians and Surgeons, and has carried on research work in Paris.

Watching his swift movements in the bacteriological laboratory, noticing the precision with which he slides blood tests under the microscope and quickly removes them, one is impressed first with his restless energy. Later, when one carries on a paper and pencil conversation with the scientist it is his sense of humor and his indomitable optimism that distinguish the man.

First of all, if the visitor appears to be at all interested in the glass tubes and other equipment of the laboratory, Dr. Jones will offer to show him some specimens

of bacteria under the microscope. There is a confiding smile on his face as he stops to jot down the words, "This is the kind of work where eyes count, you see." And his words, like his eager movements, indicate the sweeping energy which he has put into his chosen work.

"It is interesting work, and important, too," he adds. "It gives me satisfaction to know that the doctors are depending upon my diagnosis. If the bacteriologist reads the blood test incorrectly, the doctor may lose the life of his patient. It's all very serious." Again there is the quick change of expression on his face, and he laughs confidentially. "I know many things—serious and unpleasant things—but I prefer not to talk about sick people and the sad side of life."

At another time, with a quick flash which was half humor and half seriousness, Dr. Jones made the suggestion that it was hardly fair to speak of people who can neither hear nor talk as "deaf and dumb."

"They may be deaf-mutes, true enough, but many of them are not dumb. 'Dumb' is not a kind word, especially not for those who already find their lot a difficult one."

When he entered the St. Louis College of Physicians and Surgeons for the first degree, Dr. Jones went into the regular classes, learned to "listen" to lectures by reading the lips of his professors, and finally evolved a mechanical method of speech which he uses with his intimate associates and friends. After a course at the Chicago College of Bacteriology and Pathology he returned to St. Louis for special work. At the present time he holds three degrees: Master of Bacteriology, doctor of public health and doctor of medicine.

Even more astonishing than his success as a student was his ability to conduct classes in histology and pathology at the St. Louis College of Physicians and Surgeons.



A characteristic glimpse of Dr. Jones making blood tests in his laboratory. The correct reading of a test may mean the saving of a life he explains.

"I used the blackboard constantly, and gave numerous written examinations," Dr. Jones explained. "After my students became well acquainted with me, I sometimes lectured orally, all by this mechanical method which I have learned to use by placing the organs of speech in varying positions. And of course, when any one has difficulty in understanding me, I can always turn to written conversation. But it seems as if I have always been lucky in my work."

In addition to his career as student and professor, Dr. Jones was city bacteriologist of East St. Louis for eight years and bacteriologist for the Illinois department of agriculture four years. In his various positions his duties have ranged from testing out suspected cases of bubonic plague on white mice to analyzing water, milk and canned food.

Dr. Jones is married and has one son, Charles, who is studying at the Missouri School of Metallurgy. Although both Dr. and Mrs. Jones are deaf-mutes, their son has no such affliction.

"He's been a regular boy, too," Dr. Jones declared. "From the time he got his first Boy Scout suit, there has been no denying that he has all the energy and initiative which characterize the typical American boy."

Asked whether he enjoyed his work in the laboratory at the veterans' bureau, Dr. Jones responded with the brief kind of answer which gives unusual vigor to his written conversation. The answer was just three words—"Fine. My hobby." That, in a nutshell, is Dr. Jones' attitude toward his work, an attitude which is manifest in every gesture and movement.

Absorbing as he finds his work, Dr. Jones declares that there are many avenues for entertainment and diversion which are open to deaf-mutes. The movies, more than any other form of entertainment, are a boon to them, for they appeal entirely to the vision.

Singular though it may seem, Dr. Jones declares that he is fond of music although he can not hear it. So acute is his sense of feeling that he can distinguish between the vibration made by a harsh noise and those which have their origin in harmony.

"The ability to enjoy life and find interesting work lies within the reach of any one who has the will-power to search for the thing he can do best," Dr. Jones suggested. "And if one finds work which is as beneficial to humanity as the work I am doing, it is enough to make him forget handicaps."

## Uncle Sam Has Heroes In Peace Time As Well As In War



Pushing mail boat over ice floes on Star Route between Sandusky and Put-in-Bay, Ohio.



Landing of mail boat at Catawba Island on Star Route between Put-in-Bay and Catawba Island, Lake Erie.

**R**ECORDS of bravery and of heroism equal to the deeds of daring performed by those patriots who have faced shot and shell of an enemy country are not lacking among the army of employees of the United States government.

While the hardships encountered and the loss of life are not so great in numbers as those recorded in actual warfare, nevertheless, they bear mute testimony to the valiant service rendered by these faithful servants of the people, bent on performing the onerous and difficult tasks assigned them.

And the praises of these heroes are not sung in either prose or poetry. They are not broadcast throughout the land. There is no Congressional Medal of honor bestowed on them; no decoration of any kind awaits them. There is not even so much as a citation for bravery and meritorious service performed in the line of duty.

But these faithful employees of Uncle Sam never complain. They are not seeking notoriety. They are being content to carry on their daily labors without thought of reward other than that which goes with the consciousness of duty fulfilled.

There is no class of employees of the government that faces more actual perils of life and limb and are subject to more vicissitudes of the elements in their daily routine than some of the men who carry the mails over some of the more difficult of the star routes. These men are not paid salaries but work under contract, awarded under the law as a result of competitive bidding. It might be said that they differ from all other government employees in that they fix their own salaries.

When it is pointed out that during the past two and a half years 55 carriers have lost their lives while in the performance of duty, it will be seen that the tasks assigned them are hazardous in the extreme.

There are star routes scattered throughout the country where "seas of mud" are considered of slight moment and where the perils encountered from ice packs and floes many times result in death or serious and permanent injury.

To the city dweller a reference to the mail man brings a picture of the gray-coated carrier who delivers his letters and packages unhampered to any great extent by wind or weather.

But the denizen of the rural district thinks of him as the driver of a horse-drawn or motor vehicle, whose arrival is regarded as an event in the daily life of the occupant of the farm, putting him, as it does, in touch with the outside world and with his fellow man.

In January of this year Reinhold Dreahn, carrier on the star route between Buffalo and Murchison, South Dakota, fell a victim to duty. For several years Dreahn had been making twice-a-week trips between the two hamlets, encountering all sorts of weather conditions but never failing to carry out his part of the contract with the Post Office Department. He had started from Murchison as usual on a certain Saturday and when he did not put in an appearance the next day at Buffalo, a search was made for him. He was found just one mile outside of town with both hands and feet frozen. He was dead when discovered and it is estimated he had been exposed to



"Schooner Point" on Star Route between Newport and Otter Rock, Oregon. Mailman must scale cliff when caught by incoming tides.

the intense cold for over sixteen hours. The theory advanced for his death was that, becoming exhausted from a hard day's work and while attempting to crank his car, he fell and was not able to recover his senses before he succumbed to the cold of the night.

Records of the Post Office Department shows that among the most dangerous and difficult routes served by rural carriers and star route contractors are those extending from Newport



Combination sailboat, rowboat, ice yacht and sled used to carry the mails between Sandusky and Put-in-Bay, Ohio.

to Otter Rock, Oregon, Ellison Bay to Detroit Harbor, Wisconsin; Rocky Bar to Atlanta, Idaho, and from Sandusky to Kellys Island, Middle Bass and Put-in-Bay, Ohio.

On the Rocky Bar-Atlanta, Idaho route, the service is performed in the winter season by carriers travelling on snowshoes, packing 50 pounds of mail. Not infrequently, carriers on this route have been caught in snowslides and swept to death. Only a year or two ago, a carrier lost his life in this way early in January and his body was not recovered until late the following June.

The routes from Ellison Bay to Detroit Harbor, Wisconsin, and from Sandusky, Ohio, to nearby islands must be operated over the ice in the winter and in the fall when the lake is



Mail boat breaking its way through the ice on Star Route between Ellison Bay and Detroit Harbor, Wisconsin.

frozen. During the spring thaw it is extremely difficult and hazardous to carry on the service. A number of carriers have lost their lives in endeavoring to transport the mails between these points.

Probably one of the most hazardous experiences that ever befell one or more of Uncle Sam's mail carriers was that of the Hitchcock brothers, carriers on the routes out of Sandusky. Some winters ago, while endeavoring to deliver mail to resi-



Hauling the mail boat from the water to the ice of Lake Erie on Star Route between Sandusky and Kelly's Island, Ohio.

dents of some of the smaller islands in Lake Erie, they were caught in a storm and running ice. They were carried down the lake by the resistless force of a drift in which they had become wedged. The carriers were given up for lost by the excited islanders. A cablegram wired to Kelly Island read:

"Look out for the carriers; they are fast in the ice and drifting that way."

But the two men, after many efforts, were rescued. They were in an exhausted condition and so completely covered and weighed down with ice as to be helpless. Their caps were frozen fast to their heads and their clothes so loaded with ice that the wearers were unable to bend.

On arrival at home their friends were obliged to cut and tear away their ice-armored garments. After changing clothing a bushel of ice that had fallen off in the process was swept from the floor.

For several years, George and Charley Morrison were employed as carriers on the Bass Island route. They, too, passed through many arduous and trying experiences, being the victims of many close calls from deaths. Out on the lake in all kinds of weather, with ice conditions of every description they battled with storm, running ice, fog and blinding snow.

Formerly associated with George Morrison in the mail carried service was his brother-in-law, Carl Rotort. The two were unexpectedly overtaken by an accident which resulted in parcel post system affords the only means in winter to prevent the drowning of Rotort. Among the articles carried in the boat operated by the two men was a long, unwieldy piece of metal.

This in some way shifted, capsizing the boat. Morrison found himself struggling in the water. With great difficulty he succeeded in extricating himself, but Rotor was carried under the ice. His body was not recovered until late the following spring.

Henry Elfers carried the mails to Kelly's Islands for over forty years. During that time he had many hair-breadth escapes and adventures galore.

"When I was a youngster," said Elfers not long ago, "I was out in a boat about all the time. Now I don't care for ordinary sailing, but battling with the ice has a fascination for me. As soon as the ice begins to form I feel eager to get out one of the ironclads and fight my way across. Each is a flat bottomed skiff. There's a sail in the bow to carry us through the water or over the ice when conditions are right. There are two iron-shod runners on the bottom so the boat may be used as a sled. The sides are sheathed with galvanized iron. This is very important because thin ice will cut a boat like a knife.

"From here to Sandusky is ten miles in a direct line and I go there when conditions are good. At other times I go to Marblehead which is four miles away and the nearest point



Outgoing mail from Kelly's Island Post Office, showing iron runners on boat, converting it into sled.

on the mainland. I have sailed these four miles over smooth ice in 20 minutes. I have covered the same distance in eight hours. That was when the ice was about an inch and a half thick and I had to break my way over every foot of the four miles. At times the lake has been covered with icebergs 20 to 30 feet high and I have had to travel 15 miles in a round-about course to reach Marblehead.

"In the winter of 1896 I started back from Marblehead with my son and we got within half a mile of the island when we were caught in a blizzard. The wind blew 55 miles an hour. Snow filled the air so I could not see my son at the other end of our sixteen foot boat. Our sail was torn to pieces and we battled with the blizzard four hours before we succeeded in reaching Marblehead.

"At 8 o'clock one night, I had almost reached the island when I found I could not land on account of running ice. I turned toward Marblehead but lost my way in a fog and did not reach there until 3 o'clock next morning. Twice the life savers came out and got me when high seas and running ice made it impossible for me to land without their help."

The craft used by Uncle Sam's carriers to deliver the mails to these points on Lake Erie is a combination sailboat, row-boat, ice yacht and sled.

The star route from Ellison Bay, the northern most post-office in the Door Country peninsula to Detroit Harbor, Wisconsin, is one that is covered by carrier entirely by water, crossing the famous passage called "Death's Door."

During the months when navigation is open, that is, from May 1 to November 1, carrying the mail on this route is a comparatively safe occupation, and free from difficulties. It

is during the winter period, however, from November 1 to May 1, that the carrier has more than a man's size job on his hand.

Let the postmaster at Detroit Harbor tell his own tale.

"The chief difficulty encountered while crossing Death's Door in winter," he says, is "drifting ice fields. The ice bridge that forms in extremely cold weather hardly ever remains for more than a few days at a time. It is speedily dissembled by shifting gales and currents. Sometimes this break-up occurs so suddenly that the carrier is caught out on the ice with his horse, sleigh and mail. It is at these times that the proximity of the U. S. Coast Guard station at Plum Island is a Godsend. One such incident took place some few years ago. The break-up occurred while the carrier was transporting the mail to this side over the ice with horse and sleigh. The ice became so thoroughly broken up that in a very short time the carrier found himself on an ice cake barely large and heavy enough to hold him and his equipment. The Coast Guard crew, having noticed his plight, came to the rescue. They succeeded in getting a line out to the carrier and then toward the whole cake over the solid ice and the carrier was enabled to walk on to solid ice and thereby reached the mainland.

"When the carrier can not find solid ice on which to travel he usually resorts to his motor launch. This he has conveniently moored inside the edge of the heavy ice with a channel cut away to open water.

Here he may have to buck new ice for long distances and travel through slush ice which will be 8 or 10 feet deep and oftentimes impassable. In such circumstances, he has to return and seek out new openings in the ice fields. Sometimes his boat is caught in drifting ice fields and carried out into Lake Michigan and forced to stay out over night. Finding suitable landing places on either shore during the winter, cutting off all access to docks. Then the carrier must land along the beaches wherever the surf will permit, anchor his boat in deep navigable water and ferry the mail into shore in a row-boat, then carry the mail bags over the ice banks and hummocks to the waiting team on land.

"Another mode of carrying the mail is by the use of the ice boat. The carrier attaches ropes to the gunwales forward and hauls the boat along the ice like a sled. When open water is encountered he launches the boat, takes his place at the oars and pulls for the other side. This sounds exceedingly simple to the uninitiated but the difficulty comes when attempting to launch the boat from the edge of the ice. Naturally, there is a wide belt of slush ice and small cakes caused by the seas pulverizing the outskirts of the ice floes. Sometimes the seas are so heavy that they will dash the small boat back on the solid ice. At other times the cakes that comprise this belt of broken ice are too heavy to row through. When this happens the carrier leaps out on the cakes and holding on to the gunwale of the boat pushes it along toward open water, leaping back into the boat when his footing has disappeared. "The wonder of it all is that there are not frequent drownings, but I know of no loss of life while carrying mail across Death's Door. Naturally, with all these difficulties to overcome, there are periods when the carrier is unable to cross, quite frequently for five or six days at a time. During these delays, mail is piling up at the Ellison Bay post office making it quite a problem for the already overworked carrier as to how to transport such a large volume of mail with the means at hand. These periods of non-mail delivery are trying to the one thousand inhabitants on Washington Island since the cure supplies, medicine and other commodities. These come, Minn., and from Midland, Texas, to Lovington, New Mexico. These routes are each 143 miles in length.

ditions will continue to exist as long as the mail is transported along the surface of the water. Perhaps the airplane will solve the problem in the future. Why not?"

The carrier who supplies mail on the Newport-Otter Rock route in Oregon, immediately on the Pacific coast is up against many difficulties and hardships and many times takes his life in his hand in order that the patrons on the route may receive their letters and packages. The carrier is compelled to travel down the beach at low tide. If for some reason the incoming

tide catches him before completing his trip he must either abandon his team and the mails and climb the rocks or be dashed to pieces against them.

The most expensive star route in the United States is from Price to Vernal, Utah. It is 121 miles long and for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1923, the cost of maintaining it was approximately \$96,700. As high as 20 or more tons a day of mail matter—mostly parcel post—are handled over this route.

The longest routes are from Two Harbors to Grand Port-

## PUBLIC OPINION

*A deaf band leader of deaf bands; an appreciation of Frederic G. Fancher, bandmaster*

By Dr. JAMES H. CLOUD



EARLY a quarter of a century ago, in 1901 to be accurate, something new under the sun, since known to fame as the "Fanwood Cadet Band," came into being at the New York Institution for the Deaf, New York City, of which the late Dr. E. H. Currier was then principal. Dr. Currier introduced the deaf band innovation along with Military drill which have since continued outstanding features at the venerable institution over which he presided.

The hundreds who attended the celebration of the centennial of deaf-mute instruction at the parent school at Hartford in 1917, both heard and saw the Fanwood Cadet Band in action and marvelled at the high degree of proficiency in music which the deaf players had attained. Some of the players, to be sure, had more or less residual hearing, which in a way was an asset, but whether they had any degree of hearing or none at all their presence in the band was due to an innate talent for music which had been developed. Among the many pleasant memories of centennial week at 'Old Hartford' the stirring martial strains



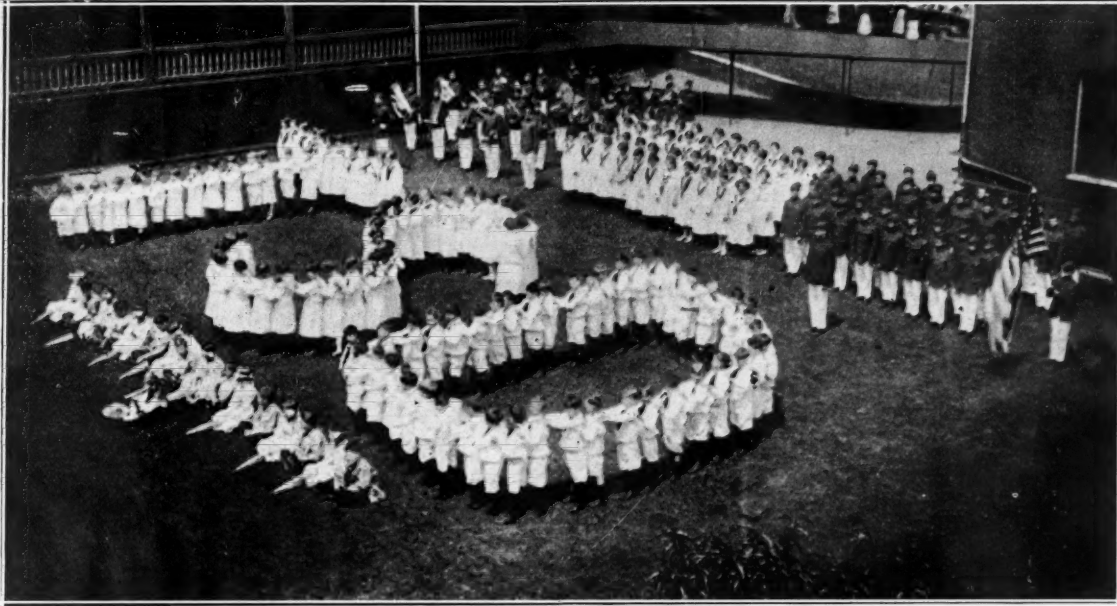
FREDERIC G. FANCHER

of the Fanwood Cadet Band, especially the national airs of the leading countries of the world, recur almost as vividly as if I heard them only yesterday. The Fanwood Cadet Band composed of deaf players was organized and has always been led by a hearing bandmaster. This later fact detracts somewhat from the novelty of the affair as compared with a deaf band organized, instructed, and directed by a deaf bandmaster. While the New York Institution had the first deaf band in the world Gallaudet College for the Deaf at Washington, D. C., had the first deaf band ever organized, instructed and directed by a deaf man. This man was Frederic G. Fancher, a student at Gallaudet, whose band featured there during the period 1910-1914, and who received his early musical training as a member of the Fanwood Cadet Band.

Mr. Fancher was born deaf. As a result of treatment at an early age for catarrhal trouble his hearing was slightly improved. He was one of the first few pupils to be experimented with in musical education at the New York Institution and showed such marked ability that he was assigned to a place



MR. FANCHER'S DEAF BAND AT THE TENNESSEE SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF



ONE OF THE FEATURES OF THE COMMENCEMENT DAY EXERCISES AT THE TENNESSEE SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, JUNE 5, 1923. T. S. D. STANDS FOR TENNESSEE SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF. NOTE THE BAND AT THE EXTREME LEFT IN THE BACKGROUND

in the band. So assiduously has his residual hearing been trained to music that it has become quite serviceable for that purpose. For his exceptional proficiency as a member of the Fanwood band he became cadet band leader and was awarded a gold medal.

After four years successful experience as bandmaster at Gallaudet College, Mr. Fancher, after graduation, accepted a position at the Louisiana State School for the Deaf at Baton Rouge where he organized and instructed his second band. He had only a limited number of boys of band age and grade to select from, but nevertheless developed a very good band as evinced by the demand for its service outside of the school for such parades as that of the governor's inauguration, Boy Scouts, and Holy Name Society. Mr. Fancher's success at the Louisiana School brought him a more attractive offer from the Texas School for the Deaf at Austin. There he had a larger number of boys to choose from in the organization of his band and his work at Austin was correspondingly successful. From Texas Mr. Fancher went to the Tennessee School for the Deaf at Knoxville where he organized his fourth band and where he did even better work due to improved methods of teaching music and to having more time in which to give instruction. To quote Mr. Fancher's own words: "Daily practice as well as very careful drilling are indispensable to a high quality of music."

It was at the Tennessee School that I first heard a deaf band led by a deaf bandmaster—Mr. Fancher. I had been to Atlanta in the fall of 1922 to attend a meeting of the Local Committee

of Arrangements for the convention of the National Association of the Deaf, due to meet at Atlanta the following summer, and detoured to pay my first visit to the Knoxville School. While at Knoxville I heard the band play a number of selections and was so favorably impressed that I suggested to Mr. Fancher that his organization feature at Atlanta during the convention of the National Association of the Deaf. The suggestion found favor with Mr. Fancher, with the members of the band, with their parents, with the superintendent of the school, with the directors, with the Atlanta Local Committee, with the result that the band, composed of sixteen musicians led by Mr. Fancher, featured at Atlanta and was the "big hit" of the N. A. D. convention week. At Atlanta, the sessions of the convention were opened with selections by the band; it played in the hotel lobby, it furnished the music for the social features, it headed the street parade, and aided greatly in the Association's effort to "educate the public as to the deaf."

At Atlanta Mr. Fancher showed me a telegram he had received from Col. O. C. Smith, Managing Officer of the Illinois School for the Deaf at Jacksonville, making him an attractive offer which was later accepted. I suggested that should he be able to organize a band at the Illinois School in good time that it feature at the Illinois Association of the Deaf, due to meet at Rock Island early the following July and immediately thereafter at St. Paul during the convention of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. I had the pleasure of hearing the Illinois School band and led by Mr. Fancher at both the Rock Island and St. Paul conventions and the practi-



TWO OF MR. FANCHER'S PUPILS

ately thereafter at St. Paul during the convention of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. I had the pleasure of hearing the Illinois School band and led by Mr. Fancher at both the Rock Island and St. Paul conventions and the practi-

cally unanimous verdict is that at both places the band acquitted itself with great credit. Having featured at conventions of the two great national organization of the deaf, and at a state convention, here is hoping that the convention of Instructors of the Deaf due to meet at Council Bluffs next summer will be likewise favored. And good luck to the Iowa Association of the Deaf due to meet at Cedar Rapids should it be able to catch the band going or coming. Mr. Fancher's success as a band masetr is now so well established that his band is likely to feature at conventions wherever and whenever available.

At the Illinois School where Mr. Fancher had a large number of boys to choose from he organized his fifth band and got it into action in a remarkably short time. Twenty-three players have been developed some of the players have slight hearing but a majority are totally deaf with new additions in prospect. He has been given every encouragement by the Managing Officer, Col. O. C. Smith, a military man, to whom the band naturally appeals. Aside from functioning at the daily drills at the School, such as playing in the grand dining hall as the pupils march in to their meals, at the Flag Salute, at the Retreat Drill on the lawn in which five companies of boys and three of girls take part, at the School entertainments, exhibitions, and games, at local civic demonstrations, the band has played for the travelling Mens' Protective Association at Belleville, for the Radio Station at Peoria, and at this writing is preparing to play at the Illinois State Fair at Springfield, and for the Chicago Chamber of Commerce. Deaf indeed is the citizen of Illinois who has never heard, or heard of, the Illinois School Band.

In order to know what boys to select for instruction in music Mr. Fancher puts them through rhythmic exercises with the hands and with the feet, with old chair rounds used as drum sticks on benches, and in the weeding out process selects those best able to keep time. In the words of Mr. Fancher: "Success in being able to create really good music is due to an unusually keen sense of vibration developed through the use of the bass drum and other instruments." And, he goes on to say that: "It is only after a thorough course in drum playing that deaf musicians master the brass horns. As they are still liable to play out of tune it is necessary to be very strict about scale work as well as to maintain the daily practice periods—in contrast with weekly practice of hearing bands." Mr. Fancher emphasizes the fact that: "Each member must play his part well alone before playing with the group." Naturally the public is more or less skeptical about

deaf players being taught to perform accurately and rhythmically on musical instruments. In order to be convinced the deaf players must be heard and seen.

Among the tunes first learned by Mr. Fancher's band are "America", "Auld Lang Syne", and "Yankee Doodle." From such as these there is gradual ascent, through sustained, patient, and arduous effort, to the more difficult pieces as "The National Emblem." All who heard Mr. Fancher's band at Atlanta, Rock Island, and St. Paul, were surprised at the size and variety of its repertory. Quoting Mr. Fancher further he says: "I expect to develop a bigger and better band than ever before. In fact, I plan to make it the best so far in my career."

As Mr. Fancher can himself play, and teach others how to play any of the band instruments, there is no reason why he should not be able, with proper backing such as Illinois can give, to do bigger things and better.

## Portia Speaks to the Juniors

(With apologies to Shakespeare.)

The quantity of the Juniors is not strained,  
But your quantity can scarce be seen  
Upon the College Campus—you are twice blest,  
From out your kindly hearts you freely give.  
Timely aid to the Sophomore against the Freshmen,  
Your wisdom well would grace a stately Senior  
Whose cap and gown show only temporal power.  
Wherein arise the dread and fear of Freshmen  
But Juniors, you're above the Seniors' sway  
You're enthroned in the hearts of the Faculty,  
Which is an attribute to your mighty wisdom,  
But this favor will grow greater day by day—  
If you are kind to Freshmen  
Therefore Juniors, as justice is my plea, consider this  
That in a court of justice none of you would see  
Salvation—if you are in vague with Sophomores,  
For those save "Sophs" are your friends only  
When they are "in need."  
I have spoken this much,  
To show the error of your ways,  
Which if you follow, the sturdy Freshmen  
Must needs declare war against the whole school!

"OCCASIONAL"



BANQUET OF THE NEW JERSEY STATE BRANCH N. A. D. AT PEOPLES' PALACE, JERSEY CITY, SEPT. 1, 1924.

# WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

By Alexander L. Pach



HERE must have been some puzzled readers of the October issue of our publication. I refer to any who possibly read my good friend Dr. Cloud's golden eulogy of deaf bands, and this department's completely reversed standpoint. The explanation probably lies in the fact that Dr. Cloud is not totally deaf, but can hear and enjoy music, while I am totally deaf, so the matter resolves itself merely into the old theory having to do with "the point of view." Still there is on my side the fact that the gathering was made up of people entirely deaf, as I am, and not hard of hearing people in which category Dr. Cloud, luckily can be placed.

One of the real heroes of the St. Paul Convention, if mere taking of colossal risks are concerned, was the individual who sported in United States Army uniform, even to the Sam Browne belt, which army regulations absolutely bar to all in the service, except only those officers who saw service with the American Expeditionary Forces in the World War. With a United States Army Post (Fort Snelling) practically located in St. Paul, and the many officers on duty there, it is a wonder that any deaf man should risk being taken up as an impostor, but the individual got away with it.

Going out, the New York party had one of the best of the New York Central's extra fare trains, but coming home those in my party had their eyes opened to what the service was in other days. Our party had made no reservation east of Chicago, so when a Parmlee bus deposited us at the N. Y. C. station from the Burlington's, we asked for lower berths for New York on first train out, and were told that there were none to be had on the first three trains, but the fourth, leaving at 2:10 had lowers available, so that for us. After leaving Chicago, a glance at the time table told us we were on a train that had four numbers, and that carried nothing in the shape of a dining car, but allowed a half an hour at Elkhart Ind., for dinner, which was a great deal like the olden days, only the Elkhart dining room certainly isn't. From Elkhart the train leaves the main line and runs over what is called the "old line", which runs through Southern Michigan all the way to Toledo, stopping at all stations, to Cleveland. Next morning though, a dining car is put on, and through New York express speed is maintained until Albany is reached, when the lone sleeper from Chicago is shunted to a side track, to rest an hour, and then to be attached to another express to New York. This isn't a bad plan for people who want to spend an hour in the capital of the Empire State, but the idea is to keep the occupants of the sleeper just outside the extra fare limits.

Leaving New York on July 4th, it was found that quite a number had never been on a journey before, never slept in a Pullman car, or had a meal in a "diner," and it just fit in nicely to find that the steward of the "diner," Mr. John N.

Toupin, used the sign language like a veteran teacher. He had a number of deaf-mute friends in his boyhood, among them the famed Clarence A. Boxley. Mr. Toupin told us he never had a happier experience than serving a car full of deaf people with whom he could converse with such facility and the odd part of it was in that it was not his train at all, as he works on the Empire State Express, and July 4th, 5th, and 6th, were his days off, but he had been asked to take the place of a steward who was ill, and it was not at all to his liking as he had made other plans, but here he was filling the unexpected assignment and a happy surprise resulted.

Speaking of Mr. Boxley, he is certainly advertising his Clar-Box business extensively, and ought to win success. Paid advertising appears in its proper place, and its proper place is not these columns, but in regard to the book on "Etiquette," which Mr. Boxley advertises elsewhere, and without intending to boost his sales, I want to say that the use of the term "Adult child" in the October issue of this magazine, while probably a mistake, was certainly entitled to have the proof room cry "Stet." For there are such curiosities, not only in the deaf, but in the hearing world. Unfortunately, the deaf world has too many of them. Some day I am going to write about some of them, which is a promise, not, by any manner of means, a threat. But a circular advertising the Boxley "Hoyle on Etiquette" came in my mail which does not appear in the advertisement in these columns last month. It portrayed a lady with a portion of chicken salad in front of her, which her lips have not yet tasted for fear she has committed a breach of etiquette in having ordered this dish a second time, with the same escort, and she is worried over what her escort will think of her. Ordering chicken salad, or any other dish containing chicken, to my mind is a superfluous thing when committed only once, but that is not the point I want to stress. The point is that all our readers should carry this work with them at all times to avoid such a horrible contretemps as confronts the young woman in the picture with her plate of chicken salad in front of her, and woe on her features. Though not very relevant, I am reminded of the song Ed Wynn is now singing in his new play at the Globe Theatre, called: "He eats salad dressing every night to get up 'oily' in the morning." I'll bet Ed, hasn't read Mr. Boxley's famous book.

Just as I had practically sworn off on the patronymic thing forever, my attention has been called to the fact that among the new students at Gallaudet is Miss Godzionkowski, and if she isn't given a sign designation in short order, I'll be very much surprised.

Just a few more comments on the St. Paul Convention. The Banquet was over at quite an early hour and there was ample time to have a few words from some of our hearing friends,

very much interested in what the deaf are doing, notably Superintendents Stevenson and Smith, of the Minnesota and Illinois schools, both of them with us the entire week. Then there was Mrs. Blanche LaDu of the Minnesota Board of Education, who is very much concerned with the welfare of the great school at Faribault. Addresses from all three would have lent a piquancy to the affair.

For this issue I had comments on a number of matters not touched on in the October issue, but Mr. Howson and Mr. Mueller beat me to it, and hence the reader has had it in better shape than if it appeared here.

There were a lot of people who didn't go to either of the Atlanta Conventions because they feared extreme heat. Two thousand miles of distance separate the Georgia and Minnesota capitals. One is way up near the Canada line, and the other down near the Gulf of Mexico. On the face of matters, St. Paul ought to have been cooler than Atlanta. As a matter of fact it was much hotter in St. Paul than it was in Atlanta. I am comparing N. A. D. 1923 with N. F. S. D., 1924, but as between the two last N. F. S. D. Conventions weather conditions were about 50—50.

It really was the compositor's fault. I refer to leaving off one of the names of old N. A. D. "war-horses" who figured in the 1899 group and not present at St. Paul in 1924. I am sure I must have run Mr. Veditz's name first of all, for except for my traveling companions, I was absolutely sure of Mr. Veditz's presence and my knowledge was accentuated because of a peculiar happening. Twenty-five years ago the firm with which I was connected had railway business offshoots that entitled us to passes, and when I applied for one to St. Paul, I didn't bother my head as to how it read west of Chicago, I got a big bump in the Chicago station when the big party leaving for St. Paul were shown to a Burlington train, and I, alone, was told C. M. and St. P. was my route. It was a lot embarrassing too, to be shunted from the gay party who were going to have a jolly night of it on the Burlington. These trains left at the same time, from the same station, on parallel tracks, and when on time, entered the St. Paul station at the same moment next morning. As the trains pulled out they waved jeering farewells at me, and not being able to get Pullman accommodation till Milwaukee was reached, I piled my belongings in the rack and settled down to wonder why I had not requested the right transportation. I looked around to take note of who my fellow voyagers might be, and a real pretty young woman spelled out my name inquiringly. I confirmed it, and asked how she knew, and she told me she had seen me saying good-bye to the rest of the party as the trains left, and the initials on my suit case told her the rest. From then on I had no cause to regret not being with the other party, and about ten that night when the two of us were still chatting away, who should walk through the train on a tour of observation but George William Veditz, and he was surprised to see us both, for the young lady had been a pupil of his in the Colorado school. What puzzled him was how we had got acquainted, and how long ago, but neither of us volunteered a reply, and he plied us with so many questions neither of us had a chance to consult our watches and thereby be enabled to tell him just how long we had been acquainted.

Yes, Mr. George W. Veditz was at St. Paul in 1899 all right.

And that reminds me that last summer a fine couple came up and asked if I remembered them, and I had to tell them that I did not. Then they reminded me that they were in the

photographs I had taken in 1899 and it was just before they were married, and that I had scolded them while making the picture. I told them they must surely be mistaken, that I never scolded anyone under such circumstances, but they insisted that I did, and it was their own fault, that they kept right talking when I had called for the period of silence, and that they persisted until I walked right up to them and told them in sign vernacular to cut out the courting long enough for me to expose a couple of plates. And I got a dim haze of it over the quarter century lapse. The good wife then told me that they were married right afterward, and are grandparents now, but that they were still carrying on the courting stunt, and I congratulated them.

I should not take leave of St. Paul, or rather Duluth, without reference to my friend Mr. Reilly. He lives in Minneapolis, and he drove car No. 5 in the cavalcade that toured from St. Paul to Duluth over the Wisconsin Highway. Mr. Reilly shouldn't be lost to fame for he was the most discussed member of the N. F. S. D., for a period of several hours, before, during and after the installation of Duluth Division. Mr. Reilly drove a Ford. It was the only Ford in the entourage. I am minding my p's and q's in the matter of mention of Ford cars ever since that time two years ago when I went westward on a speaking tour. In the tale I unwound each night I had sprinkled some funny stories, as speakers do, and all went well till almost the end of the tour, when after my evening's talk the Chairman came and told me that Brother X— was awfully angry at me. It seems that Bro. X— was a Ford owner and thought I was referring to his car, so my reference to Mr. Reilly's Ford, be it understood, is only made in the interest of historical accuracy. Just before we left for St. Paul, Admiral Howard who, as has been told, was Fleet Commander, appraised the vessels in his command and concluded that the flag-ship, his own craft, was overloaded as to baggage, and the Reilly craft under her capacity, so he forthwith transfers some of the excess accordingly, my hand bag, containing all needed belongings for touring being among the transfers.

At our first stop, about an hour out of St. Paul, we could only count up four cars, the famous Detroit-made possession of Mr. Reilly was the missing one, so we waited a while without result. To make a long story short, we reached Duluth without tidings of the missing craft. It was felt that before the long installation service was over the missing one would put in appearance, but when 2:30 A.M., came and no Reilly and no Ford car, and no baggage with a lot of personal impedimenta absolutely necessary to the traveler, yet not available the term "Poor Reilly" gave way to something else concerning the absent Ford owner, which need not be repeated here, so Mrs. Howard supplied apparel that took the place of what was supposedly reposing in the Dearborn Pullman of Mr. Reilly.

Early Sunday morning the great house on London Road became interested when the lady of the house took down the phone receiver to take a message:

"Yes, it is 4632 London Road."

"Yes, it is Mrs. Howard speaking."

Then she hung up, and turned to her guests at breakfast and told us that it was someone speaking for the lost Mr. Reilly, who had reached town after a break down. (Unusual thing for a Ford) at three-thirty in the morning, and he tried, as soon as he got in, to get the Howard home on the phone then, but every one asleep, so next morning at 9, Mrs. Howard returns from a hurried trip to town, and drops my baggage at my feet. So, again we ring the changes on the Reilly Ford tune and every one acclaims: "Bless Mr. Reilly". And it

was meant, too, for no one else's shirts collars, etc., fit a body as his own do, not to speak of more intimate needful belongings and their several uses.

The mention in the last issue of our publication of describing motion pictures to people who could not see them brought out an interesting discussion. Not long ago, I was calling on a friend in a hospital here in New York, and while I was there another of his friends came, and through a third visitor we had an interesting debate. The friend was totally blind, and is a member of the New Jersey State Legislature. He expressed keen regret for me, and I was quick to assure

him that I was the favored one in the matter of handicaps, but he argued 'tother way about saying his blindness was not nearly as great a handicap as my deafness. He asked if a deaf man could practice law, or take part in making laws of the state, as he did or, as in the case of Senator Gore who served in the United States Senate, and of course I had to agree that a deaf man wasn't able to figure in these spheres. Then some one else suggested that no deaf man had built up a great fortune as a merchant as had Charles Broadway Rouss. Of course, in this line of argument I had the short end of it all, but in spite of that I know of no deaf man who would trade places with a blind one. Certainly I would not.

## ANGELEN OGRAMS

By AUGUSTA K. BARRETT

### GREETING

Merry, thrice  
Each moment  
Radiant and  
Ringing thy  
Yet, as the

Merry by thy  
Entering like an  
Rich thy gifts and  
Revelry with  
Yuletide o'er the

Morn to-day;  
Elf of glee;  
Rare to see;  
Radiance gay.  
Year gains sway.

Count well thy  
Hast thou with  
Reaped in the  
In charity,  
Scattered the  
To those wan  
Making their  
As, by your  
So may your

Credit with a  
Heart attuned to  
Riches of a  
In kindness  
Seeds of Christmas  
Troops, you need but  
Merriment your  
Aid, weak souls in  
Sun ascend in

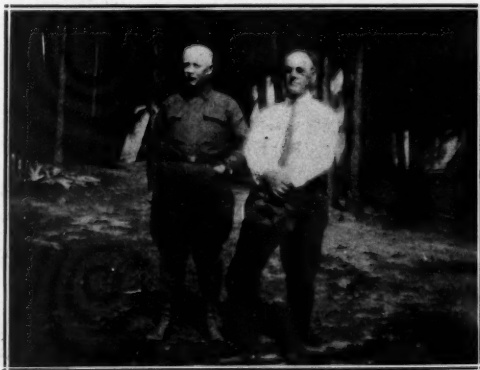
Chastened mind;  
Heaven's way  
Riper kind;  
Intertwined,  
Song and cheer  
Turn to find  
Morsel dear?  
Answer rise,  
Smiling skies.

—George Fitch.



HE SILENT WORKER and Angelenograms and Mr. Ould and his niece formed a combination of circumstances which resulted in getting two Life Members for The National Association of the Deaf! Just how it happened is a unique story showing how a simple life sketch may lead to the most unexpected results.

Last May this department contained a sketch of Mr. Edward Ould, of Los Angeles, and the party which celebrated his 72nd birthday. Mr. Ould sent for some extra copies of the May number which he sent to some of his relatives, one of these being a niece, Mrs. Henry, living at Seattle, Washington. Mr. Ould had quite forgotten the matter when one September day a letter came from the niece in Seattle, inclosing a Money Order for \$20.00, and saying she wished him to use it in buying Life Memberships in the N. A. D. for two of his friends. Mr. Ould is himself already a Life Member.



MR. J. S. LONG AND MR. SCHWITZ  
old '89 classmates at Gallaudet.

After carefully considering the matter and desiring to bestow the gift on two public spirited young ladies he selected Mrs. Raymond Stillman and Miss Madeline Sprangers. Without



DR. SMITH AND DR. J. S. LONG  
at the former's pine woods summer home in Nevis, Minn., trying to smoke corn cob pipes and look pleasant.

their knowledge he sent the money to the N. A. D. Treasurer, and one evening announced it at the Los Angeles Silent Club, much to the surprise of the two lucky young women. He could not have made a better selection as we think both ladies will be found the feature leaders of the deaf.

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It is not generally known to the friends of Mrs. Irene Haworth, of Los Angeles, that she traces her descent (on her mother's side) in a direct line back to the Pilgrims. One of her ancestors fought in the War of the Revolution, with George Washington, and students of heredity may say this is the reason she is always fearless in taking part in discussions at business meetings of the L. A. S. C., while others will credit it to her being trained in one of the Debating Societies at a school for the deaf. She recently served two terms as treasurer of this club, which is no light task with the present large membership. When the club was first organized it adopted a white Leghorn rooster as its mascot, which was at first cared for by Mrs. W. H. Phelps, but during the past five years has been the especial charge and pet of Mrs. Haworth and is still alive and crows lustily every day for the L. A. S. C.

Mrs. Haworth received her education at the Kansas School for the Deaf, and after her marriage to Isom P. Haworth, of Iowa, they lived for a time at Des Moines, coming to Los Angeles for Mr. Haworth's health in 1911. He soon re-

covered his health here and has been employed most of the time, and they now have a bungalow of their own. They are happy in having their only child, Mrs. May Carlson, and husband living near them. Their youngest daughter, Olive, who was married to Frank Herrig, of Kansas, died some years ago.

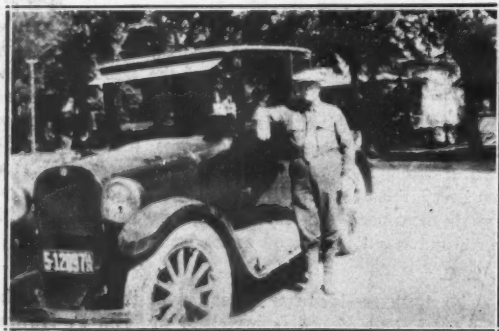
As I stated Mrs. Haworth's lineage goes back to Colonial times, but unfortunately the records and a fortune were lost



MRS. IRENE HAWORTH AND THE MASCOT of the Los Angeles Silent Club

in a peculiar manner by her grandfather. The story as handed down by several generations, is one that recalls the difficulties of transportation of the pioneers, which we can hardly realize in these days of rushing automobiles and airplanes.

The story begins with the departure of the great grandfather for the Revolutionary War, when Mrs. Haworth's grandfather was 14 years old. He was never heard of again, so probably was killed in the war. Adam, the 14 year old boy grew up, and after being married and having several children, he was called to England, as he was one of the heirs to an estate there. After getting the money and valuable papers and records he returned to America. He kept them in pockets in a large leather belt fastened around his waist. He started for his home in Indiana, walking part of the way and riding part in wagons and arrived at a large river swollen by a flood. No one could be hired to take him over in a boat, and being impatient of delay,



Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Long just arrived at Maintou, Colorado, in their Dodge coupe last July

he took the risk of swimming across, and had nearly reached the other side when he was hit by a large log, one of the limbs hooking into his belt and breaking it, and it was lost. Adam reached the other side safely and with what rueful reflections no one knows, walked the rest of the way to his home, as there were no railroads at the time. Here he had an implement and blacksmith shop for many years, but was not as prosperous as he should have been because of his drinking habits, which he contracted trying to drown the memory of the priceless belt swept away in the river.

When the United States opened Kansas for homesteads some of his children decided to go, and Adam wanted to go with them, and set out with four of them and their families, travelling in covered wagons drawn by oxen. Mrs. Haworth's parents were in the wagon driven by the grandfather. When they got near Kansas City, and were on a narrow road on the bank of the Missouri River, Adam came near driving off the road and hurtling all down the steep cliff into the river. (We have seen that once before he was roughly handled by the River Genii.) Mrs. Haworth's moth-



MR. AND MRS. FRANK E. WORSWICK OF LOS ANGELES.

Who recently celebrated their thirtieth wedding anniversary. Note the quince tree in the background.

er jerked the reins from him and turned the oxen back just in time. This made the old man very mad, so that one of his sons had to tie him up, and the cause of the trouble, a barrel of whiskey, was thrown into the river. Now I might gloss over the part of the story, but truth and prohibition compel me to give a true picture of the pioneer days. Little more remains to be told. All of the children got nice homesteads in Kansas, where Grandfather Adam died about a year afterwards.

Many deaf people have said or thought that if they had not been deaf they would have been ever so much more successful and famous than they are now. But would they? It is an interesting subject for speculation. Who would have brought the "Frat Dream Ship" into the harbor if "Gibson the Genii Gifted" had not been deaf? Who would these many years have edited *The Deaf-Mutes' Journal* and helped in founding the N. A. D., if Edwin A. Hodgson had not been turned from his intention of becoming a lawyer, by the loss of his hearing? Who would have brought our own maga-

zine THE SILENT WORKER to its present stage of perfection if George S. Porter had not been deaf? We might continue the list indefinitely, of those deaf persons who in one way or another have made the world a brighter place for their fellow deaf. In this connection I am reminded of one of O. Henry's short stories, "Roads of Destiny," which illustrates

carry a letter to her uncle who is a captain of guards in the king's palace. David carries the letter and without recounting here all that happened to him it is sufficient to say that he was killed later that night by Captain Desrolles, who used a pistol belonging to his fellow conspirator, Monseigneur, the Marquis de Beaupertuys.

#### THE MAIN ROAD

"Three leagues, then the road ran, and turned into a puzzle. It joined with another and a larger road at right angles. David stood uncertain, for a while, and then sat himself to rest upon its side." He pondered a while on the roads, and that either way there seemed to lie a great world full of chance and peril, and then returned home. He married Yvonne and for a time all went well, but one Spring the old



SUPT. E. A. STEVENSON AND HIS TWO DAUGHTERS  
at Dr. Smith's summer place in Nevis, Minn. The two girls  
caught all the fish while there a few days last August.

how each man's ultimate destiny overtakes him, no matter what road in life he may follow.

The hero of the story, David Mignot, a shepherd who is also much given to writing verses, is dissatisfied with his humble existence. After a quarrel with his sweetheart, Yvonne, and feeling there is no future for him in the village of Vernoy, he one night slips away from home, intending to go to Paris. Let O. Henry tell it himself:

#### THE LEFT BRANCH

"Three leagues, then the road ran, and turned into a puzzle. It joined with another and a larger road at right angles. David stood, uncertain, for a while, then took the road to the left." We cannot give in detail his adventures on the road that night which resulted in his fighting a duel and being killed by a pistol fired by the Marquis de Beaupertuys. The story is then switched to show what happened when David followed "The Right Branch." He reached Paris and found a humble lodging in an old house in the Rue Conti. "He set himself, in a wooden chair, to his poems.



THE PRETTY BUNGALOW HOME OF MR. AND MRS. FRANK  
E. WORSWICK, OF LOS ANGELES

Daylight and candle light found him at pen and paper." In a room on another floor a band of conspirators, who were plotting to kill the king, held their meetings. One night, one of them, a beautiful young lady, comes to David in great distress, and representing that her mother is dying, asks him to



MISS ELVIRA M. WORSWICK  
Los Angeles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Worswick. She  
loves the deaf, and has several times interpreted in court for them,  
as she is, an expert signmaker.

writing urge seized him. He accumulated a large stock of poems, but in other ways was not so prosperous. He was persuaded by the notary, M. Papineau, to take the poems to a friend of his, M. Bril, who was a judge of poetry. The notary said, "Then you will know if you shall write more, or give your attention to your wife and business."

Monsieur Bril's judgment on the poems is unfavorable, and when he returned home David passed the shop of a Jew, Ziegler. He told him the wolves were stealing his sheep and he wanted to purchase firearms. Ziegler said he had lately bought a wagon full of goods that had belonged to a great lord who had been banished for conspiracy against the king. David bought a pistol from this collection. On reaching home he threw the poems into the stove, and went up to his attic room. The villagers heard the noise of the great pistol, and among those who rushed in, was M. Papin-

eau. He examined the pistol and said to the cure, "The arms and crest of Monseigneur, the Marquis de Beaupertuys."

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The culmination of thirty years of wedded life by Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Worswick was celebrated on October 5, at their pretty bungalow in Los Angeles. The couple have made a host of friends since coming here in August, 1922. The real anniversary was on October 2, and the party was held on Sunday as the date most convenient for all parties. It was a surprise to Mr. and Mrs. Worswick and was planned by Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Price and Miss Elvira Worswick, the pretty and charming daughter of the honored couple. About fifty friends were presented and enjoyed a very pleasant social afternoon and evening, which was made lively by a number of new games. Just before the serving of refreshments, Mrs. Price made a little speech, saying that the assembled friends had combined to get several presents, and a quite bulky package was handed to Mr. and Mrs. Worswick, which on being unwrapped proved to be a beautiful clock. The other presents were a fruit basket and a pair of hand-



ANOTHER VIEW OF MISS ELVIRA WORSWICK

some candlesticks. Mr. and Mrs. Worswick responded with some fitting words of thanks. Mr. Worswick, in commenting on the clock, remarked on how Time goes on relentlessly, while men pass away. He said the children of the young people present, might at some far distant date ask for the history of the clock, and be told the story of how it was presented at his 30th wedding anniversary. It was natural that Mr. Worswick should feel the solemnity of the occasion, but in a few minutes he was in his usual jolly and happy mood.

As I said in a previous letter, it is strange the way I meet people I had met before coming to Los Angeles. I first met Mr. and Mrs. Worswick about six years ago while I was visiting a deaf friend at Sioux Falls, South Dakota. At that time none of us were planning on a move to the "City of the Angels." How in the course of time they came here and a sketch of some of the events in their lives, I am privileged to relate here. Mr. Worswick's career shows he was blessed with a large stock of initiative, and so was able to make a new start after an experience which would have discouraged a weaker man.

It will be a surprise to many people to learn that Mr. Worswick's education began at the Kansas School for the Deaf. His parents moved from Wisconsin to Kansas in

1880, and got a homestead, and built a log house, and that summer a cyclone twisted the house clear around, but no one was killed. Mr. Worswick has a vivid remembrance of this incident. In the fall of 1881, he entered the Kansas School, but remained only a few months, as his parents, discouraged by cyclones, moved back to Wisconsin in December. Just after Christmas his father took him to the Wisconsin School for the Deaf, and on arriving there one of the first things he noted was the dismantled Christmas trees in the yard, (memory is a strange thing) and altho he had received some Christmas gifts at home, still there was a pang of regret over the Christmas season he had missed. In his first class at this school was a little girl, Louise Diesburg, who soon developed a habit of asking his help in difficult arithmetic problems. After five years here his father moved to Aberdeen, South Dakota, and Frank was sent to the South Dakota School for the Deaf, at Sioux Falls, where he went for the next five years. (When Supt. Swiler announced at the Wisconsin School that Frank was going to South Dakota, he said he thought a blizzard would blow him back to Wisconsin, as a cyclone had blown him back from Kansas.)

After graduating at Sioux Falls, he was ready for the "Hard Knocks" of the world. He went to Minneapolis at the age of 21, where he learned the trade of a crayon Portrait Artist, which enabled him to start his first business at Rhinelander, Wisconsin, in which he continued for several years. He then traded one of his valuable oil paintings for a barber's outfit, but not being very successful along this line, he sold the outfit, and now with plenty of cash at hand he took a trip to Tunnel City, Wisconsin, to see his childhood sweetheart, Miss Louise A. Diesburg. They were married then, which was in 1894. Mrs. Worswick graduated from the Delavan, Wisconsin, School in 1890. They settled down in La Crosse, Wisconsin, and after a hard struggle during the panic, Mr. Worswick finally secured a position as poster artist and cartoonist for a newspaper. After he had saved quite a sum he invested in an engraving business, of which he became treasurer and a director in the Company. It turned out a good investment, but 14 years later the company went bankrupt, through the dishonesty of one of the shareholders. He then formed a partnership with Mr. R. W. Williams, also of La Crosse, and bought all of the equipment of the engraving plant and moved to Sioux Falls, South Dakota, where they were in business for 10 years. They had a splendid little business here, and then the great sorrow of their lives came to Mr. Worswick and wife when their son died in the war. It seemed best to move away to new scenes, so they moved to Minneapolis, Minn., where, after a year of trying to forget, Mr. Worswick secured a position in an engraving company as a zinc etcher. (He had always preferred art work, but his eyes could not stand the strain, so he had to give up this cherished ambition.) They lived in Minneapolis three years, then heard the call of California, the land of sunshine and flowers, so (to quote them), "We again packed our grips and are now settled in our own home, where we expect to live happily ever after." Mr. Worswick is now working as zinc etcher for the Service Engraving Company and is perfectly contented with his position.

Mr. and Mrs. Worswick were blessed with two children, the oldest, Remy Alvin, volunteered his services for the war, where he was accidentally killed; and Elvira Meda, who is still at home and at present is attending Business College. She talks very fluently in the sign language, and has several times interpreted for the deaf in court.

Mr. Worswick is Vice President of Los Angeles Division, N. F. S. D., and is a booster for a club house for the Los Angeles Silent Club. He is on the Ways and Means Committee for the Building Fund, and also makes cartoons for the club's Movies, and with his wife is very regular in attendance at meetings and is counted as one of the L. A. S. C.'s most valued and enthusiastic members.

# THE ARGONAUT

By J. W. Howson



WHEN DANIEL BOONE crossed the Alleghany mountains and looked down upon that happy hunting grounds of the Indians, which we now call Kentucky, there lay spread out before him a wilderness of rolling, fertile land. Abounding in wild game and with an abundance of water, it was not unusually difficult for him to roam about the territory and subsist upon what nature and his trusty gun might supply. The Indians only needed to be watched and for them the keen and alert Daniel Boone, ready of hand and eye and mind, had little more than cautious concern.

This territory Daniel Boone not only explored but made his home. He lived to see it peopled to a considerable extent, its soil cultivated, and its natural resources developed in the crude fashion common to pioneers. Of the Dix River, he wrote: "Dick's river runs through a great body of first rate land, abounding with cane, and affords many excellent mill sites. Many mills are already built on this stream,—and will have a plentiful supply of water in the dryest seasons. The banks of this river are similar to the banks of the Kentucky. Upon—— and Dick's River, the inhabitants are chiefly settled, it being the safest part of the country from the incursions of the Indians."

The Dix River joins the Kentucky in the neighborhood of the famous blue grass region of the state. Both the Dix and the Kentucky Rivers have eaten their way down through the limestone formation of the region, until the cliffs on either side tower three hundred or more feet above the river beds. There are indeed splendid locations here for "mill seats." But Daniel Boone probably never imagined that here would be erected structures of another sort that would do the work of thousands of mills.

Now upon the Dix River is being erected one of these modern



Looking down the Dix river as work starts up. This region was, as Daniel Boone said, the site "of many excellent mill seats."

mills. Instead of using but a fraction of the power of the sluggish waters as they pass along, it is proposed to make full use of all the water passing down the stream. This can be done only by impounding the water lest none escape, and to impound it there must be a dam. The dam now being built is known as the Dix River Dam and the locality where it is being constructed is referred to as Dixdam.

Obviously impounded water makes a reservoir and the reservoir at Dixdam will be 36 miles in length and of varying widths up to a mile. It will be a veritable lake with a shore line of about 75 miles. Upon this lake commercial boats and pleasure craft may ply, running between resorts located upon its shores. The waters of this lake will submerge much farming land and from the owners this land has been purchased after negotiations extending over a period of twelve years. A considerable amount of public highway as well as two highway bridges will be submerged and to replace these new highways two new bridges are being constructed miles up the stream. The highest of these bridges, built of concrete, will be 250 feet above the river bed. The water works of the town of Danville will also be covered and to replace the loss new water works are being built for the community.

The structure which will back up the waters of the river is the Dix River dam. This massive affair, which will stretch from one bank of the river to the other, will be 270 feet in height and 920 feet long. At its base it will be 720 feet thick, tapering at the top to a width of 20 feet. Already it is well on the road to completion. It is what is known as a rock-fill dam and more than a million cubic feet of loose rock must be dumped into it. It might be compared to the largest of the pyramids or to a twenty story office building covering half a dozen city blocks.

Within the loose rocks of the dam a rat might run at will.



The cliff bordering Dixdam as it looked before construction was started. The river has eaten its way down through the limestone formation to a depth of three hundred feet or more.

Obviously water would find its way readily through the rocks and so the dam to restrain the water must be made water proof. So, upon the side facing the reservoir, rocks to the depth of ten feet or more are carefully placed by hand. To the smooth face of handpacked rock thus laid, there will be added a foot or so of concrete. This solid massive construction is calculated to be not only water proof but also of such strength as to resist the enormous pressure of the water as it bears down from a height of 270 feet.

Lest perchance torrential rains may flood the reservoir and overflow the top of the dam, there is being constructed to one side and a little below the height of the dam, a channel through which this excess water may escape. This outlet is known as the spillway and from it the rock to fill the dam is mostly being obtained. Huge steam shovels costing \$37,000 each lift the rock in the spillway, which is blasted loose daily, four and one half cubic yards to the shovel, and transfer it to waiting



A view of the spillway, through which excess water from the dam will flow. The rock herein is blasted loose daily and transferred by means of huge steam shovels to waiting trains of dump cars, which carry it to the dam.

trains of dump cars. These trains speedily carry the rock around the bend in the river, where it is dumped at various levels into the dam. Every few minutes, day and night, a train delivers its freight. A tower man high above the tracks operates the block system which directs the trains running over the maze of tracks.

The impounded water of the reservoir is of no value, unless it can be used, and to make use of it, it must be brought into the power house with all possible force. To do this a tunnel is being constructed about level with the river bed and con-



Some rock is obtained by blasting down the sides of the river canyon. The 100,000 pounds of powder in this blast moved 60,000 cubic yards of rock. An explosive engineer travelled all the way from San Francisco for the express purpose of setting off this blast.

necting with the bottom of the reservoir. The pressure of the water above forces this lower level of water through the tunnel and into the power house. By means of gates within the tunnel the flow will be regulated at will. Once within the power house there will be turned wheels which operate the generators.



Looking downstream just below the dam. Foundation for the power house is being laid in the water of the river bed. To the upper left is the just completed substation.

that replace the water wheels and grinding stones of old time "mills." Through the marvels of modern invention and engineering skill these generations produce the electricity which is distributed to various communities within a radius of a



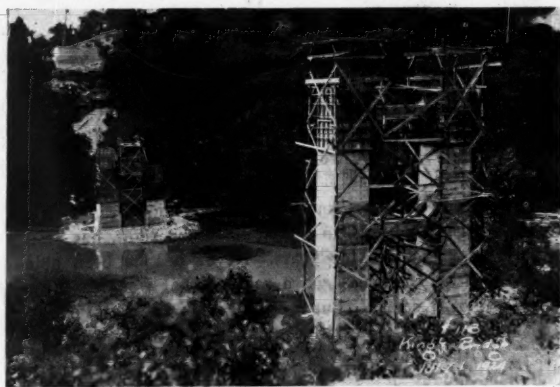
A train discharging its cargo of rock down one of the lower levels rise several hundred feet higher and though only a partial view, this picture gives some idea of the immense amount of rock which will be needed to complete the dam.

hundred miles or more, to furnish heat and light and power. The structure within which the electricity is generated is known as the power house, itself a massive structure but looking very puny alongside the dam. The sub-station near by is the distributing plant and from it are being extended power lines reaching as far away as Louisville.

Naturally all this construction work must be done as the river flows along. Water is an elusive element and must be shifted from place to place as the work proceeds. It takes loyal workers to labor with pick and shovel under water, and their hardships may be as great as any Daniel Boone ever endured. There must be skillful carpenters, machinists and men of other trades to build well and specialists in various lines. Foremen must be everywhere to direct the work and a competent superintendent on hand to oversee all. A corps of engineers must be on the job to supervise every detail, lest there be no omissions or deviations from sure and established procedures. A constant stream of consulting engineers must visit the plant to aid with their special skill and experience. Capping it all, there are the guiding hands which supply the capital to finance

the enterprise and the courage and foresight to undertake the projects which will ultimately link up producer and consumer for the benefit of all concerned.

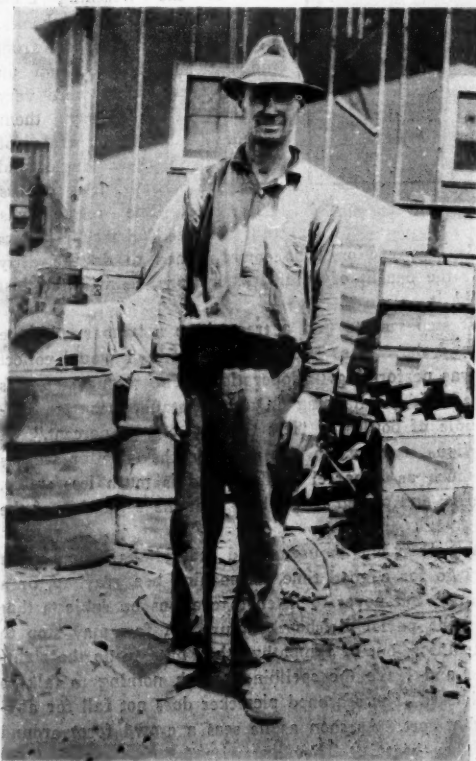
This, in brief, is the A. B. C. of rockfill dam construction. Every step has a multitude of details, requiring the closest scrutiny and at times much mechanical and engineering skill.



The reservoir behind the dam will cover two highway bridges. These must be replaced by higher structures. Photograph shows towers of one of these new bridges rising above the stream.

The Argonaut was employed part of the summer on the dam of which his brother is resident engineer, in immediate charge of construction. It is a great project for the advancement of Kentucky, and the various communities, which its lines serve, should be quick to utilize as much as possible of its 36,000 horsepower before the latter is all contracted for.

A constant stream of sightseers visited Dixdam. These



Herbert Brewsaugh is the only deaf man on the Dixdam job. He is a boiler-maker by trade, and a mighty good one, but owing to the danger of blasting rocks, he has to be content with work indoors as a blacksmith.

Included many organizations and amongst the latter was a group of bankers. These bankers were addressed by one of their number and related the following story which may be worth repeating here. A certain business man, being hard pushed financially, was at a loss as to how to meet his obligations, until he thought of a banker friend. To the latter he proceeded and poured forth his tale of woe, ending up by asking for a loan of \$10,000. The banker was not visibly impressed and turned the proposition down. "But, Fred," said the business man, "I am utterly ruined unless I have the money. It is a matter of life or death to my business career." "Can't do it," said the banker, "You have no security." But the business man did not give up. To his insistent pleas, the banker finally replied, "Well, Fred, I have a glass eye. I'll give you an even chance for the money. Pick out the glass eye and you get the money." Slowly and cautiously did the business man glance from one eye to the other, until finally with an air of triumph, he pointed to one eye and said, "That's the glass eye." The banker eyed him curiously and said, "You win, Fred. The \$10,000 is yours, but please tell me how in the world you were so confident of having picked the glass eye." To which the other replied, "I thought I saw, I am almost sure I saw, a little bit of kindness in that one eye."

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Robert Elmore, foreman in charge of washing the rocks free from dirt, was formerly an industrial teacher in the Indiana School for the Deaf. He has several sisters engaged in the profession of teachers the deaf.

To those of the deaf who can speak and read the lips, the remark is often made, "You seem just like a hearing person." This remark of course is always made by a hearing person. It carries with it the feeling that a hearing person is very much superior to one deaf. Ergo, also, that the speaker being hearing, is a member of the superior class. This is hardly ever the implied intent, but it is there nevertheless. Well, this remark has often been made to me. I confess that as to some of the people making it, I would very much desire to be like. Then there are others who have let loose the same

expression, and as regards whom I am mighty glad I bear no similarity.

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The Oakland Silents football team opened the season by taking a beating from the sailors of the U. S. S. Merriwell. The sailors greatly exceeded the Silents in team weight as

well as in numbers of substitutes, so the latter were well content with the score of 14 to 2. The Silents have a light team, as usual, but bid to be particularly fast. They are anticipating a good year, especially as many of the former players, who were well along in years have been replaced by younger men.

J. W. HOWSON.

## Gentle Art of Soliciting

By J. H. MUELLER

"LADIES and gentlemen,—friends, fellow-Romans, allow me to show you something—the only magazine ever published that is worthy of the undivided support of the deaf reading public. Here, take a look, first at the cover, which is a real bit of art—done by the brush of a deaf and dumb artist, and reproduced for printing by the same kind of engravers, etchers, printers. Look at the illustrations, nothing of Tony Sarg or M. L. Blumenthal in them; Bud Fisher would have a fit were he to see the cartoon—look, I beseech you, and hand me your subscriptions for a short year, ten months, October to July. Two dollars *only*, for a short year which will be made doubly long by virtue of the best reading matter that ever came from the pens and typewriters of deaf men and women—Pach, Howson, Brady, Cloud, Mrs. Deliglio, Mrs. Moore—the Chesters, Marcossos, Rhinehard's of the deaf world. Can you visualize a greater collection of deaf literary artists than these, all gathered within the covers of one magazine which costs only two dollars in the coin of the republic, two hundred cents? Hand me your names and addresses, plus the fee, and *the world is yours.*"

Such was the spiel sung at St. Paul wherever there were likely looking victims to be corraled. The solicitor using this flow was a somewhat overgrown Kentuckian. He needed the money that would stick to his pockets after the WORKER's share had been deducted, for at home there were four souls, his wife and three kids, the latter ranging in ages from three to thirteen years, who were counting on his taking in enough graft to give them a sure-enough vacation when he returned from the frat's conclave. Armed with hundreds of sample copies, he butted into every group, broke up more than one tryst behind a thick bush, rowed out into the lake, and interrupted the flow of gab from ginks who were telling trusting damsels what devil of fellows they were in their own home town. He even told one damsel of uncertain age how much he would love her if she would but come across. She did.

So did most of the others addressed. There seems to be something hypnotic about the spiel of a magazine solicitor. A book agent is a different sort of an animal. And his ammunition is also of a different kind. He is not supplied with many samples by the publishers, generally he has to pay for the samples before they are forwarded to him. "Bond for performance," some publishers call it. The WORKER folks work along different lines; they know that real genuine free-gratis-

cost-you-nothing samples are trade bringers. Your solicitor knows it, also.

This particular solicitor, known to a good many readers of the WORKER by name, and to a few others by sight, has been soliciting for magazines for years. Never has he been able to keep to it long enough to get a rake-off that would pay for the makings of a smoke. But when he took up the WORKER, yea, the pot of gold materialized right before his eyes. And that's the why of this oration.

The Curtis publications have a wide appeal. The three of them cover such a wide territory of taste that few people can

resist the spiel of the solicitor. But when the deaf are approached, they generally say, "Yes they are good mags, but they do not interest us." The WORKER is a horse of a different color, its appeal to the deaf is such that it cannot be denied.

Well, to be brutally frank, this solicitor needed the money. Pach, Brady, O'Brien, and the rest of the wrecking crew were busy with other schemes. But they also had orders from the big squeeze to drum up trade. Such orders were very positive. To gainsay them would be inviting vials of wrath upon their single and collective heads. A caucus was held. The result was that the one for whom picnics

held the least attraction, was commissioned to do the dirty work. For the benefit of future generations, he will tell just how he did it.

The first step was to find a tree where a banner could be hung up, and the tree so situated that a crowd would collect while he was performing the operation. The second step was to do some difficult balancing on a frail stand, meant to support a couple of bottles of "less than ½ of one percent." A rather perilous stunt, when you consider the solicitor weighs about as much as a barrel of flour and is much less stable. But he did it, and orated as set before at the beginning of the chapter.

Naturally, when one thousand odd individuals go out on a picnic they go for a good time, a spooning bee, mayhap, or a spending orgy, but never to listen to orations on subjects that are not of the parlor Bolshevik nature. A few may stop to listen, but that is out of sympathy; they hate to do the right-about face and leave the spellbinder with nothing to talk to but their backs. The seasoned picnicker does not fall for anything of that sort. As soon as he sees a crowd form around a person, they beat it. They are wise unto the ways of the graft-extractor.



"The first step was to find a tree where a banner could be hung up."

The few who had been so good natured and sympathetic as to stay and listen having been disposed of, the solicitor steps down from his trestle, and goes gunning for trade. Being a shrewd business man, and realizing the value of advertising, he tackles those who can read and appreciate high brow stuff. That is to say, his own writings. "Buddy, you look just like someone I know at Gallaudet. He was the bee's knees when it came to an appreciation of literature. The shape of your nose, the formation of your brows, the way you wiggle your ears, all stamp you as a man who appreciates literature of the best sort—here take a quaint at this magazine, chuck full of real reading, illustrations galore, and every word, every illustration, is of your own kind, by your own kind, for your own kind. Isn't two dollars a year a very modest sum for all that?" Flattered, the victim produces.

A couple of yards away is a pair, man and wife, fondly wheeling their first born, a greasy youngster of a year and some days. "What a fine looking chap! So clean, so healthy, so bright! No doubt but he will capture the blue ribbon at your state fair, is it Minnesota? No, Illinois. I might have known it, only Illinois can produce such as he. He beats all I have ever seen or heard of, just look at these pictures of children of deaf parents. You really ought to have your baby's picture in the WORKER. Think of the friends you have all over the country who will be interested in seeing what a lovely child you have. And of course, you will want a copy for your own use, to put away and treasure for the day when you are old and want to look back to the time when Baby appeared in print. Only two dollars a year." Mamma swells us with maternal pride, looks slantingly at her liege lord and master, who already has his hand in his pocket, making an inventory of the cash on hand. And when the solicitor ambles up to the infant, pats it on the head, the surrender is complete and unconditional, except for the promise that the heir presumptive be half-toned when his photo is sent in. Promised.

Behind a clump of bushes is a swain trying his darndest to get the lady fair to say the word. But she has not yet made up her mind; mamma must be consulted, you know, and anyway, she is out for a good time before she puts on the ring that sentences her to a lifetime at the kitchen stove and laundry tub. A ticklish proposition, tackling a man at that point. A situation fraught with soft soap, so to speak. But leave it to your Uncle Hennery. He has not lived his life for nothing. "You, young man, will soon be going home again, and the young lady will have nothing from you which will remind her of the excellent times you provided for her in the course of this one short week. What about it? "Oh, I will write her, and besides, she will have a couple of snaps of us together, which ought to keep her thinking." "You don't say! But what she really wants is something by which she can draw comparisons. Why not give her a year's subscription to the WORKER, so that she will think of you everytime the mail man brings her copy, which is saying nothing of the good opinion her mother will form of you when she sees what a sensible head you have in giving her something that will benefit her. And when she reads of other men, she cannot help but think how superior you are to them all." Nothing but come-into-my-parlor-pretty-fly, but it worked.

It is a lively game when properly played. A solicitor for a certain paper at the Buffalo exposition entered into a wager with one on a rival paper that he could spot him to a two-to-one handicap, and beat him out on the sum-up. And he did, too, by a ratio of about three to one. One of his favorite stunts was to approach the older ladies, and beg to be introduced. "Mrs. Smithkins? Beg pardon, the reason I asked was because you are the very image of an aunt of mine living in Oshkosh. But come to think of it, she cannot be as young as you are, she was forty-five last month." The lady ad-

dressed, close unto the sixties, could not help feeling what a smart young man he was to put her in the flapper class, and when he mentioned he represented the Deaf Asterisk, he had to put her down for a two-year term. And of course, all her friends had to come in. This man told me later on that he took in over six hundred subscriptions, against less than two hundred for his rival.

But this kind of blarney does not always work. One lady of less than thirty-five, who had faded at a rapid rate, and looked nearer sixty, got up and told the spieler what she thought of him when he tried to hypnotize her. "I am not quite as old as you are, and you try to tell me I do not look as old as your grandmother, who must be at least seventy-five. J-a-m-e-s, here is a duffer who would probably like to speak to you," and along comes a husky looking brute of a man, whose every gesture betokens his radiant delight in beating up magazine solicitors. This solicitor, however, happened to be a quick witted individual, not only did he manage to appease both Mr. and Mrs., but what is more, he got them to accept a year's subscription with his compliments, which has been a repeat order ever since. And whenever he feels the need of a well cooked meal he knows where he can get it, with a healthy welcome thrown in for good measure.

But listen to this, and shed a few tears of sympathy. If you cannot weep, at least do not snicker. It hurts, not the writer of the tale, but the one who narrated it to us. It appears that Harold, so called because it is not his name, asked a man of not too much mentality to subscribe to a paper he was representing. The man approached was willing, but being a perfect specimen of Henry Peck, would have to ask his wife, who seemingly handled the family cash. Harold hoped she would not be as finicky as was a certain woman to whom he had been speaking a short while ago. "Gosh, but she was a terror. Her looks should have annihilated me. But I would not accept the dictum about the destruction of Carthage. I thought I could handle her. But alas for the tinsel bravery of man when stacked up against a woman who won't. She threw the sample I handed her in my face, followed it up with a bucket of lemonade, and threatened to bean me with a camp stool if I did not beat it, and that as pronto as pronto could be." "Well, my wife is not exactly a shrinking violet, but I doubt if she would act that violently. However, if you will but wait around here a minute, I will bring her over. I think you can prevail upon her to let go of the dollar you want." But when he came back, he was not looking so very optimistic. Nor did the solicitor feel that way when he saw the lady of the matter. It was his Nemesis of the morning, and his retreat, while it hardly could be called dignified, was very successful. The family is still on the non-subscribing list.

A good talker, one who is able to bear himself in patience, is generally successful. He does not lose many prospects. There was a little fellow who went in the game at the age of ten, built up a paying clientele through a card index system, paid his way through high school and college, winding up with a course at Harvard Law School, and today is a prosperous attorney in a southern city. He had a pleasing approach to begin with, courteous at all times, willing to do things that were not on his schedule to gain the good will of a customer, frequently losing the commission on a subscription to render a favor. Poor business, some folks will say. That's howsoever. In this case, it paid dividends that have grown larger than any promised by Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford. Or Lauder & Shean, for that matter.

The deaf have a wonderful magazine in the SILENT WORKER. A publisher of renown was looking at a copy and asked how many subscribers the paper had, what its average paid circulation was. It was supposed that 5000 would cover the list

from A to Z. "Some philanthropist must be acting as angel; you can not make a paper of that excellence live on 5000 subscribers, the less so that it does not carry advertising." And yet, some folks whom the WORKER folks are trying to interest, say the price is too steep.

But this is digressing. The story tells, or is supposed to tell about the gentle art of soliciting subscriptions. Several ways of coaxing the dollars out of the pocket books, yea, even from out of stockings, have been explained. Not for some of the dodges that are used by folks who want to keep their money in their jeans.

A prospect who had promised to send us his check about September 1, wrote as follows: "I have decided to subscribe through the Bingville Bugle, because they have a combination arrangement with the WORKER. I did not know about it until I read about it in the sample you gave me. Please excuse me."

"I have thought it over, and think I will send my subscription direct to the WORKER. That will save postage for all concerned."

"I asked my mother, but she thinks I should save my money for Xmas. Please send me a sample copy every month."

"I have learned that the WORKER is published by the New Jersey School for the Deaf. I never went to school there, so do not care to take the paper."

"My brother thinks \$2.00 is too much to pay for a monthly magazine. If you will cut it down to \$1.00 I will send the money."

"I do not belong to Cloud's church, and my folks would not approve of my reading articles written by a minister of a church other than my own."

"You never printed my photo, so why should I subscribe?"

A hard boiled egg wanted to know what the agent's rake-off was on each subscription. "Fifteen cents?" That isn't much, but I will subscribe if you will split with me, to the extent of a cigar." The solicitor was willing, he needed a smoke for himself, anyway, and you can get some fairly good weed at two-for-fifteen. Later on, he learned that the egg couldn't smoke at all.

Yes, my friends, it is a lively game provided you do not weaken.



KATHERINE JOSEPHINE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Finegan, of Talladega. Age, eight months

## New York City's Champion Prize Winner



MISS JANE HENRY

A. L. PACH PHOTO.

The above is a photograph of Miss Jane Henry. Miss Henry is New York City's champion prize winner. Whenever she attends a local affair her originality and fertility of resource is demonstrated in her capturing a prize. Her record is as follows:

### 1921

1. H. A. D. (Game) \$3.50 Vase
2. Alphabet Club (Barn Dance) \$2.50 cash
3. Clark Club (Picnic) German Scissor, & Ladies' Silver Bag
4. Clark Club (Mask Ball) \$7.00 cash

### 1922

5. U. L. (Games) Barrel of vegetables, Box of candy and Basket of fruit
6. U. L. (Games) \$8.00 cash
7. Frats No. 23 (Mask Ball) \$12.00 cash
8. New Jersey (Mask Ball) \$10.00 cash
9. Frats No. 87 (Mask Ball) \$12.00 cash

### 1923

10. Frats No. 23 (Mask Ball) \$15.00 cash
11. Newark Frats (Mask Ball) \$5.00 cash
12. Alphabet Club (Barn Dance) Japanese Basket

### 1924

13. Frats No. 23 (Mask Ball) \$8.00

BILL: I heard Mabel had a spat with Jim.

MILL: Yes, someone told her he danced with grace—Targum.

MARIE: How long did it take you to learn how to ice-skate?

JIM: Oh, about seven sittings.—Targum.

## The Late Reverend Charles Orvis Dantzer, M.A.

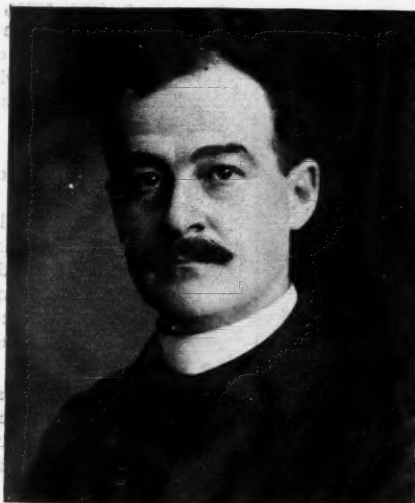
By the Rev. Warren M. Smaltz



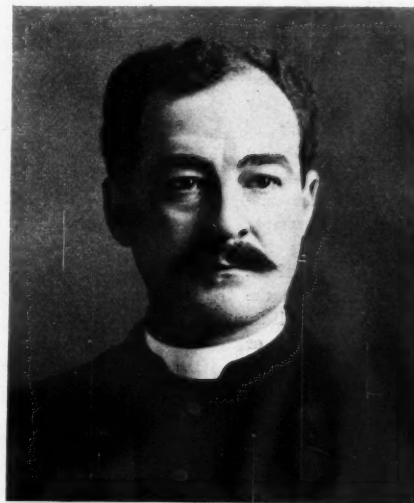
IT DOES not often happen that providence permits men to live long enough to see their dearest ambitions realized. More often, the great and good work which a man begins in his lifetime only attains a concrete realization long after the death of him by whose vision it was originally inspired. But when death overtook the Reverend Charles Orvis

a Bachelor's degree in Arts in 1886. Ten years later the college conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts.

Following his graduation from Gallaudet College, he taught school for a while, beginning first with the Indiana Institution, where he remained for a few months in the year 1887. The following year he taught at the Washington School in Vancouver, but resigned his position in 1888 in order to re-



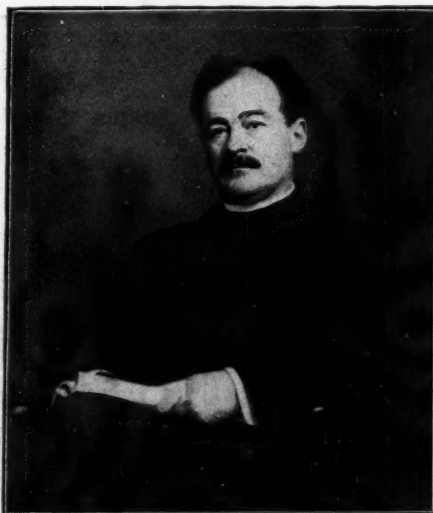
TAKEN ABOUT 1900



TAKEN ABOUT 1910

Dantzer on Sunday, October 26, 1924, at the comparatively young age of sixty, it did not prevent him from having seen his life's labor bear full fruition. For nearly twenty years he had worked unselfishly for the welfare of the deaf of Philadelphia and its environs. He had come to them when the deaf of the city had a small church, a converted synagogue situated in an unsavory neighborhood; and by his vision, industry, and zeal had brought them into a more splendid heritage,—a church, parish house, and rectory for the deaf, which in size, location, and facilities is second to none. Of him the simple truth can be justly spoken, that he left the world better than he found it.

Charles Orvis Dantzer was born in Buffalo, N. Y., on September 19, 1864. He attended the public schools until an attack of cerebro-spinal meningitis left him totally deaf at the age of eight. For a few months he was a pupil in the Le Couteulx St. Mary's Institution at Buffalo. But the family moving to Indiana, he entered the State Institution, and was subsequently graduated on June 22, 1881. In the fall of the same year he entered Gallaudet College, and graduated with



TAKEN ABOUT 1912

turn to Buffalo. For a brief interval he now devoted his time to painting pictures; for he possessed a marked artistic ability which he always continued to cultivate as a hobby in later years.

It was at about this time that he left within him the call to the ministry, and after the necessary preliminaries he began his missionary career as a Lay-Reader. His first service was held in old St. John's Church in Buffalo, on February 2, 1890. His experience as a Lay-Reader having served to strengthen his purpose to enter the ministry, he began a course of theological studies under private instruction. At this period also, he was married to Miss Emma J. Stephens, of Evansville, Ind. Having broadened out his work to include the dioceses of Western and

Central New York, he removed to Syracuse in order to facilitate his labors. Here, on March 10th, 1892, he was ordained into the diaconate of the Protestant Episcopal Church by the late illustrious Bishop Huntington, to whose kindly precepts and friendship he was ever gratefully indebted. Eventually he was advanced to the priesthood in Grace Church, Watertown, N. Y., on June 7, 1895.

His labors were so successful that in course of time he found it nearly impossible to minister adequately to his converts the large territory he had allotted to himself. Nevertheless, he continued to attempt it, until the Diocesan Council of Western New York gave him needed relief by restricting his field of work within the borders of that diocese, in the fall of 1900. He was now able to concentrate his efforts to a small extent, and the results were soon evident. Yet he managed to find time to aid in various enterprises looking toward the general welfare of the deaf. He served through several terms as president of the Empire State Association, and was also its secretary for several additional terms.

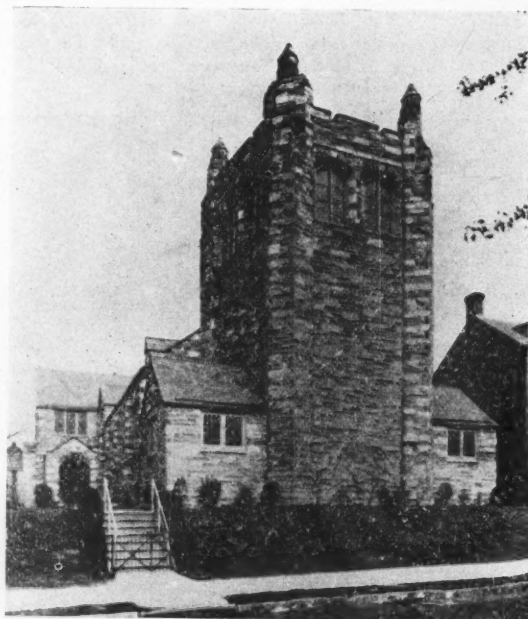
Late in 1903 he received the call to come to Philadelphia and assume charge of old All Souls' Church for the Deaf, which was situated on Franklin Street above Green. The fact that he responded to this call has probably changed the whole course of events for the church mission to the deaf in Philadelphia. When he took charge the mission was numerically small, and the church building left very much to be desired. What was far worse was the fact that the struggling little mission was sadly in need of morale, and its finances were in a chaotic condition, all due to the incompetent administration of his immediate predecessor. From such a beginning he soon re-established the mission upon a sound and enduring basis; and by his

personal integrity, unblemished character, and devoted industry, he made it to flourish as never before; so that once more it enjoyed the heritage bequeathed to it by its founder, the late Rev. Henry Winter Syle.

Being a man of large vision as well as a practical administrator, he laid all his plans toward the future. Within ten years of his advent in the parish he had the joy of assisting in the consecration of a new and greater All Souls',—the present splendid building on Sixteenth Street above Allegheny Avenue, which was formally consecrated as All Souls' Church for the Deaf on December 20th, 1913. To it was immediately

added a spacious parish house, affording to the deaf of Philadelphia the finest facilities for their social intercourse anywhere obtainable in the city. In a true sense, these buildings are his monument. They embody many of his personal ideas of what a church for the deaf should be, such as a sloping floor in the body of the church to ensure full vision, and a chancel brilliantly illuminated. That he was able to see all these things accomplished in the face of no little opposition, of much discouragement, and occasionally of half-hearted support,—all this shows the mettle of the man.

As an individual he had singularly lovable qualities. He preferred to leave to others the display of intellectual brilliance, so long as he might freely meet his fellow men upon a footing of sim-



EXTERIOR VIEW OF ALL SOULS' CHURCH



INTERIOR VIEW OF ALL SOULS' CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

plcity and real affection. His friendships were never lukewarm, and always genuine. Despite what he felt to be a continued opposition to many of his cherished plans, he managed to maintain a smiling and lovable demeanor at all times, and only his intimates realized what the effort cost him. With such a character as his was, it is easy to understand why All Souls' leaped into leading prominence as a church for the deaf.

He continued his constructive labors right up to the end of his life. Barely two years before his retirement from active work in May, 1923, he was able to see the acquisition of a rectory to All Souls'. As the closing years of life were filled with illness and pain, it was a merciful Providence which at last removed him to his eternal reward, at the price of the grief of hundreds of deaf men and women who had known, respected, and loved him. Though he was a great "builder"; though he devoted much of his time and talent to constructive and charitable enterprises such as the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf at Doylestown, Pa., it is safe to say that among those who personally knew him, he will always be best remembered as a pastor and friend. And as such, probably, he would wish to be remembered.

He is survived by his widow and two grown sons. The burial services were held in All Souls' Church on Wednesday, October 29th, when for the last time his body was placed in the chancel which his priestly ministrations had hallowed. The Right Reverend Thomas J. Garland, S.T.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Pennsylvania, officiated at the services, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Louis C. Washburn and the Rev. James O. McIlhenny. The Reverends Warren M. Smaltz and Herbert C. Merrill rendered the services into the sign language.

The following resolution was presented to the clergy of the diocese of Pennsylvania, and was unanimously adopted at a meeting held November 3, 1924:

## RESOLUTIONS

WHEREAS, On October 26, 1924, it pleased Almighty God in His wise and loving providence to receive into nearer fellowship with Himself the soul of His faithful and chosen servant, CHARLES ORVIS DANTZER; and

WHEREAS, His brother clergy are deeply conscious of having sustained the loss from their number of an able, faithful, and self-sacrificing priest of God, who ministered with unflinching devotion for nearly twenty years among an humble and unfortunate people, the deaf-mutes of the diocese; so that in a very real sense he followed in the steps of the Master; and

WHEREAS, His labor and zeal were very largely instrumental in bringing into realization the present All Souls' Church for the Deaf, Parish House, and Rectory, all of which were begun and completed during the time of his pastorate; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That we record our sense of the great loss we have suffered, thanking God for the example of His servant's life, and for the inspiration which the memory of his labor gives us; seeing that, in a true spiritual sense, he had done all things well,—he made both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak. And be it further

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Brotherhood; that a copy be sent to his family; and that they be published in the Church papers.

(Signed) J. O. McILHENNY, President  
WARREN M. SMALTZ.  
LOUIS C. WASHBURN.

## A RESOLUTION

*Adopted by the vestry of all Souls' Church for the Deaf, Philadelphia, Pa., on November 4th, 1924.*

WHEREAS, In the course of the changes of this mortal world CHARLES ORVIS DANTZER, for nearly twenty years our faithful minister and friend at All Souls' Church, has been re-

ceived by the providence of Almighty God into His nearer presence; and

WHEREAS, We have sustained the loss of a loyal friend, preceptor, and priest of God, who was ever faithful to serve all the children of silence; and

WHEREAS, Both the Vestry and the Congregation have, through the years of his life in their midst, been blessed by the benediction of his unswerving devotion, consistent Christian example, and faithful stewardship of the mysteries of God; and have enjoyed the benefit of his unceasing efforts for the upbuilding and prosperity of this Church; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That we record our sense of an irreparable loss, thanking God for the high privilege vouchsafed us in having known and labored with him, and in being permitted the great inspiration and comforting memory of his example. Be it further

*Resolved*, That a copy of this resolution be spread upon the minutes of the Vestry; that a copy be sent to the members of his family, and that it be printed in appropriate publications.

Signed:

WARREN M. SMALTZ, Pastor.  
WILLIAM H. LIPSETT, Warden.  
HARRY E. STEVENS, Secretary.  
CHARLES M. PENNEL,  
Accounting Warden.  
GEORGE T. SANDERS.  
WILLIAM L. SALTER.  
JOSEPH S. RODGERS.  
ARTHUR FOWLER.  
CHARLES S. YODER.  
WILLIAM E. ROTHMUND.

## IN MEMORIAM

REV. CHAS. ORVIS DANTZER

He shines in the light of God!

God's "likeness" stamps that brow,  
Through the "Valley of Death" his feet have trod  
But he reigns in glory now!  
No aching heart is there,  
No keen and thrilling pain,  
But his heart will touch to the hearts below  
Till they meet and love again!

He has learned the song they sing  
Whom Jesus hath set free,  
And the glorious walls of heaven now ring  
To his new-born melody  
And the friends of his earthly years?—  
The trusted and the true,  
They are walking still 'mid this vale of tears  
While he waits to welcome you!

Do we mourn when another star  
Shines out from the glittering sky?  
Do we weep when the voice of war  
And the noise of conflict die?  
Then why should our tears roll down  
And our hearts be so sorely riven,  
For an added gem to the Saviour's crown  
And a ransomed soul to heaven?

GERTRUDE M. DOWNEY.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

# The Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second Class Matter]

ALVIN E. POPE ..... Editor.  
GEORGE S. PORTER ..... Associate Editor and Business Mgr.

The Silent Worker is published monthly from October to July inclusive by the New Jersey School for the Deaf under the auspices of the New Jersey State Board of Education. Except for editing and proof-reading, this magazine represents the work of the pupils of the printing department of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

The Silent Worker is the product of authors, photographers, artists, photo-engravers, linotype operators, job compositors, pressmen and proof-readers, all of whom are deaf.

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Advertising rates made known on application.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Articles for publication should be sent in early to insure publication in the next issue.

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless postage is enclosed.

Address all communications to

THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.



Vol. 37

DECEMBER

No. 3

## Christmas

Dear readers, Christmas is just around the corner. You want happiness. We all do, but how few of us realize that there is no greater happiness than that of making others happy. There are many ways of accomplishing this and everyone has his or her ideas as to what constitute the "Christmas Spirit."

Last year we suggested that you present some deaf friend of yours with a year's subscription to this magazine. Quite a number of our subscribers responded and as a result an equal number of deaf people enjoyed the ten numbers of THE SILENT WORKER for the first time and they write us how happy these gifts have made them and that it is their desire to have the magazine continued from year to year without stoppage.

Again we repeat the suggestion and hope the responses will be greater than ever.

## Educational Moving Pictures

A series of educational motion picture films, which de- according to the peculiar circumstances in which deaf pict in a most striking manner the processes employed in the mining, preparation and utilization of the various mineral materials, is available for distribution in New Jersey by the New Jersey State Museum at Trenton. These films, which were produced by the Department of the Interior, through the Bureau of Mines, in co-operation with the larger industrial concerns, tell the story of the workings of the nation's tremendous mineral industries in a much more vivid and colorful manner than is possible through the medium of any printed page. Another series of films preaches the doctrine of

"safety first," by showing safe and unsafe methods in mining and metallurgical practice.

Nearly a hundred educational films have been prepared in the past few years by the Bureau of Mines in co-operation with industrial concerns. The demand for these films for showing by educational institutions, churches, civic bodies, and other organizations, has become so great that the original plan of centralized distribution from the Pittsburgh Experiment Station of the Bureau of Mines has become inadequate. A select- ed list of the best of these films is now made available at distributing centers located in the different states. The films relate to coal, petroleum, sulphur, iron, as- bestos, zinc, marble, copper, natural gas, and other minerals. A series of films depicts most interestingly such industrial processes as the manufacture of oxygen, the making of fire-clay refractories, the manufacture of automobiles, the methods of compressing air, the quarrying of limestone, etc. Other films illustrate dan- gerous and safe practices in mining, efficiency in the combustion of coal, the utilization of water power and the operation of a gasoline motor.

It is estimated that audiences comprising one and one-half million people attended the exhibitions of edu- cational motion picture films and lantern slides circu- lated by the New Jersey State Museum in the past year. Nearly 4000 separate orders for educational material were given attention by the State Museum. The de- mand for collections of lantern slides, motion picture films, charts, pictures and other exhibits by schools, community centers, granges and other organizations in all sections of the State is rapidly increasing. All of this material may be borrowed for use in New Jersey, free of charge, except for the cost of transportation, which must be paid by the borrowers. For the present school year, there will be available for distribution by the State Museum, about 350 splendid educational films on geography, and travel subject, industrial matters agriculture, forestry, nature study, history health, safety, and miscellaneous matters. Full details as to the procedure necessary to obtain this material may be obtained by addressing Mrs. Kathryn B. Greywacz, Acting Curator, New Jersey Museum, Trenton, N. J.

## Large Gift for Research Work

The Senate of the University of London has an- nounced recently that important extensions of their research work for the benefit of the deaf is about to take place. This has been rendered possible of their acceptance of a gift of £10,000 (\$50,000) to found a chair of otology and the donor, Mr. Geoffrey E. Duveen, intends to allocate a further £15,000 (\$75,- 000) to the University College Hospital for the provi- sion of the most complete and modern treatment of the deaf. The double gift is made in memory of the

donor's father, Mr. Henry J. Duveen, one of the founders of the art firm of Duveen Brothers, of London, Paris and New York. Mr. Geoffrey Duveen, who has himself suffered from ear trouble for years, lost his only brother who died from the same cause, following an attack of scarlet fever.—*Medical Record*.

## Unfortunate or Fortunate?

Hearing people often tell the deaf that they are fortunate in not being able to hear all the discordant noises going on all around them; that they should be thankful for not hearing the senseless chatter and vulgar talk that are so annoying to hearing people of refined tastes; that their sleep is not disturbed by the clatter and rumbling noises of the heavy vehicles of the streets or trains of the railroads.

But are they better off because they cannot use the telephone; because they are not allowed to drive automobiles; because they cannot participate very well in a conversation that goes on in a group of hearing persons, no matters how well trained they are as lip-readers; because they miss the witty things said in the theatres that make everybody laugh; because they cannot enjoy the radio vocal sermons or lectures, and so on?

Being denied a great many pleasures and conveniences of life the deaf man must pay taxes without getting the full benefit; he must pay full admission to the theatres and miss much that the hearing man enjoys—music and vocal utterances; this he does without protest.

The deaf do not ask for sympathy, but they are human and only ask for a square deal. If they pay taxes the same as hearing people they expect, and rightly too, the same privileges. They pay full admission to the theatres and miss much that the hearing enjoy. Their services are often better as workers than the hearing, yet they are often paid less. The deaf man applies for insurance and is told he must pay a higher rate of premium altho he is just as good a risk. This may sound pessimistic, yet it cannot be denied that such is the fact in nine cases in ten.

We do not say that the discrimination is intentional. It may be thoughtlessness in many cases, ignorance in others and many a time it cannot be helped or avoided, according to the peculiar circumstances in which deaf people are placed.

## Building and Loan Associations

Building and Loan Associations are intended to encourage thrift with the object of helping investors to build and own their own homes. They are subject to the yearly examination and state supervision the same as any bank and are considered safe if they are managed by reputable citizens. In last issue we printed an article by Henry G. Langworthy detailing the organ-

ization of The National Building and Loan Association of the Deaf—What it will accomplish. Should any of our readers feel tempted to invest their money in this or any other association we would advise them to first consult their banker.

## A Sign of the Times

THE SILENT WORKER is beginning to receive its mail by airplane, an annovation which is appreciated when it comes to quick service. It gives us the same thrill that it did when we saw the first locomotive, the first telegram, the first bicycle, the first automobile, the first telephone and the first radio. It is a question of only a few years when the air mail service will be just as commonplace.

## New Dormitory

The new boys' dormitory at the North Dakota School for the Deaf at Devils' Lake, was dedicated on June 3, with appropriate exercises. The School is rapidly gaining in prominence, judging from the excellence of its monthly magazine, *The North Dakota Banner*. Thomas Sheridan, editor, and Henry S. Morris, instructor in printing, make up a team hard to beat. We congratulate Supt. Driggs on the new acquisition to his school and the favorable impression his school is creating.

## Automobile Legislation

The deaf of New Jersey have started an intensive campaign to raise funds for the purpose of putting through the legislature a Bill legalizing the granting of licenses to the deaf who are able to pass the tests.

The deaf feel that as long as they pay taxes to help build roads and to keep them in good condition after they have been built they have a just right to use them the same as other people.

They have been flatly refused licenses to drive automobiles in New Jersey and the deaf are going to fight this discrimination to a finish. They feel quite certain they can raise the required amount and with the great mass of convincing data already collected by Chairman Beadell the bill should go through and become a law.

The deaf of New Jersey should forget all petty quarrels among themselves and stand up as ONE MAN and fight for their JUST RIGHTS.

### NO OPPOSITION

"Ah win."

"What yuh got?"

"Three aces."

"No, yuh don't. Ah wins."

"What yuh got?"

"Two nines an' a razor."

"Yuh shoh do. How come yuh so lucky?"—*West Point Pointer*.

# Silver Wedding Anniversary

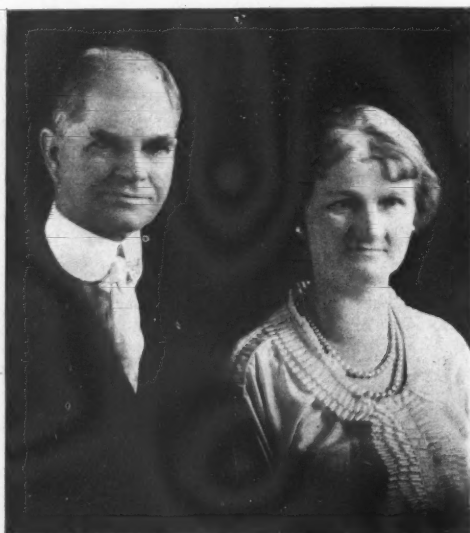
By PANSY

MR. AND MRS. R. H. MacLACHLIN

*Hand in hand for twenty-five years  
This husband and his wife,  
Amid smiles and roses and thorns and tears,  
Have worked their path in life.*

*Hand in hand in the days of youth,  
When the star of hope was ever bright;  
Hand in hand in love and truth  
From morn of life to shades of night.*

September 14th, 1899-1924.



MR. AND MRS. R. H. MacLACHLIN



ONE OF the most pleasant social events of the deaf of Detroit that has taken place here during the current year of 1924 was the Silver Wedding Anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. MacLachlin, September 13th, last.

The affair was held at St. John's Parish House, 33 Montcalm St., East, under the able management of Mrs. C. Stenger, assisted by Mrs. W. Rheiner. The hall was tastefully decorated in silver and white crepe, which lent a beautiful aspect. The tables were also decorated in silver and white crepe, with white candles and white asters. On one table stood a lovely wedding cake that showed the fine culinary art of the confectioners of today. This, too, set forth another attraction for the guests present.

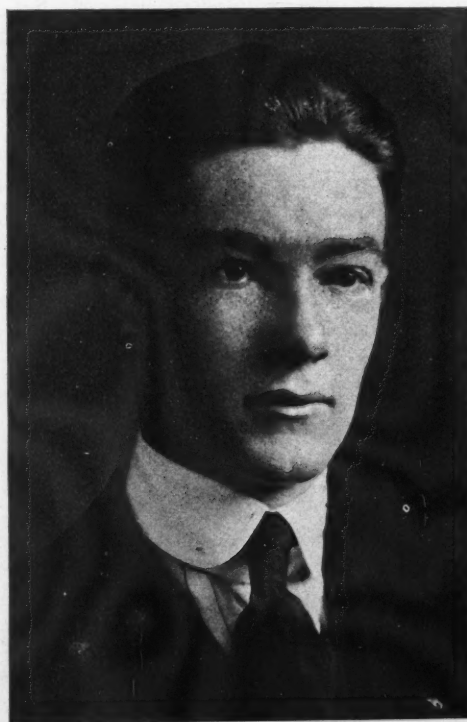
A very hospitable supper was served to the guests. Mr. Russell Roberts opened the meal with prayer, followed by Mrs. G. E. M. Nelson, who recited "Nearer, My God, to Thee." At the close of supper, Toasts were given by several of the guests. Mrs. C. Stenger as Toastmistress, invited the following guests to speak: Dr. Harry H. MacLachlin, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. MacLachlin, made an interesting address, touching upon the happy years his parents have passed together. Upon the close of his address he presented his parents with a bag full of brand new silver dollars, amounting to twenty-five dollars; a most appropriate gift for the occasion.

Mrs. G. Nelson spoke on the happy days when all three of us were happy school children at the Flint State School for the Deaf. She said in those days they never told tales out of school. She also commented on the fine work Mrs. MacLachlan has done for the Guild. In fact, she has proven herself both a most valuable and loyal worker in the Guild ever since its birth in 1916.

Miss Violet Colby followed with a brief speech. Mrs. Schneider (President of the Guild), Mr. John Crough, Mrs. Rollins, each made brief speeches. Mr. R. H. MacLachlan made the following remarks: "I wish to thank you for the many beautiful gifts in honor of our twenty-fifth Anniversary. When one begins to get old, if he is rich in friends, it is more comfort than to be rich in money. Again I thank you." Mrs. MacLachlan also made a very appropriate address. She said: "I, too, wish to thank you for the fine presents. It is certainly a pleasure to see you all here to cheer us on life's journey. We hope all had an enjoyable evening, and you will live long and celebrate many anniversaries. We thank you all from the bottom of our hearts."

Mrs. C. C. Colby recited Psalm 23. Mrs. James Hull, Mrs. P. McNulty, Mrs. R. Hecht, Mrs. R. Rollins, Miss J. Caves acted as maids and indeed they proved very dainty maids serving the guests, both while at supper and after. It would be hard to find five prettier and daintier little maids than as they.

The following is a list of silver gifts the couple received: Mrs. C. Stenger, candlestick holders; Mrs. G. E. M. Nelson, a set of cream and sugar receivers with tray; Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson, bon-bon basket; Mr. and Mrs. J. Snyder, a bread tray; Mr. and Mrs. M. Stegeman, a cake tray; Mr. and Mrs. Stegeman and family, a fruit basket; Mr. and Mrs.



HARRY H. MacLACHLIN  
Son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. MacLachlan

H. Powell and Mr. and Mrs. Bean, a pair of salt and pepper shakers; Mr. and Mrs. B. Dahm, an olive bowl; Mr. and Mrs. J. Crough, a mustard dish with a spoon; Mr. and Mrs. P. McNulty, a set of pitchers and sugar bowl; Mr. and Mrs. T. Penny, a jelly knife; Mr. and Mrs. H. Brown, two spoons; Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Sherertz, a jelly tray; Mrs. Anna Grunow, a pair of salt and pepper shakers; Mr. and Mrs. S. Smyth, a tea spoon; Miss J. Caves, two pairs of salt and pepper shakers; Mr. and Mrs. G. Top, a salt and pepper

Gifts in silver cash—Mrs. C. C. Colby, Miss Voilet Colby, Mr. and Mrs. W. Rheiner, Mr. and Mrs. C. Reidinger, Mr. and Mrs. G. Engel, Mrs. R. Rollins, Mrs. T. Collins, Miss M. Stark, Mr. Ray Brown, Mr. and Mrs. W. Stewart.

Letters of congratulation received by the couple were from Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Charles, Mr. and Mrs. E. Bristol, Mr. W. Hubbard, Mr. and Mrs. F. Main, Mr. and Mrs. F. Lawrason and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. Heck, Mr. and Mrs. S. Brosseau, Mr. and Mrs. A. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Nelson and four cousins.

During the present year of 1924, four Michigan honored graduates of the State School for the Deaf located at Flint, Mich., have passed their silver wedding anniversary, namely: Mr. and Mrs. J. Stewart, August 31st; Mr. and Mrs. George Tripp, Sept. 1st; Mr. and Mrs. R. H. MacLachlan, Sept. 14th; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Eickhoff, Dec. 24th.

May the couples live to celebrate their golden anniversaries.

From the Dental Record we take the following which refers to Dr. Harry H. MacLachlan, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. MacLachlan:

HARRY H. MACLACHLAN, DETROIT, MICH.  
"MAC"

Baseball, University of Michigan, 1811-12. Football, U. of M., 1914; Shriner (Masonic): A. E. F., May, 1918-August, 1919; Surgical Assistant, Battle Creek Sanitarium.

An even-tempered youth, whose thoughtful care cemented friendship for him everywhere.

"Mac" began his dental career at the University of Michigan, but did not take him long to become aware of the fact that was the place for him to study dentistry, and selected Penn. as his Alma Mater. We congratulate "Mac" upon his wise choice, and were glad to welcome "Mac" here as a member of the Class of '22. While among us "Mac" devoted himself to his work with a degree of enthusiasm which startled the best and which shamed the indolent. The source of "Mac's" energy seemed never to run dry. His ability to conquer difficulties and cope with adverse conditions is a sure sign in our mind that "Mac" will be successful in every sense of the word.

His disposition is another asset of which to be proud; his cheerful smile greeted you at all times and his example ever served to make us work with greater diligence. "Mac" is another one of our married brothers, and we wish him a happy future.



MOST EVERYONE PRESENT

A snap-shot of the St. Paul convention crowd that took the trip to the range from Duluth, Minn., on the 13th of July. Photo taken at edge of "Hull Rust" iron mine, said to be largest mine in the world.

## Handicaps Need Not Hold Back Any Man

One of our agents in Indianapolis, Albert Berg, is deaf and teaches at the Indiana State School for the Deaf during the daytime, soliciting Life Insurance when he can. Yet he has been a very consistent producer of late—having taken



ALBERT BERG

an application almost every week since March first. Because Mr. Berg has to tell his message by means of the printed or written word rather than the spoken, his work is that much more worthy of praise. We congratulate him on his fine record—which only shows once more that few difficulties can hold out against real attacks. Like the visible horizon, they fly before those who are determined to advance!—*The New England Pilot*.

### MEMORIAL

As representing the clergy ministering to the deaf in the United States, the undersigned, his co-workers, desire to place on record an expression of our esteem and sense of great loss in the death of the Reverend Charles Orvis Dantzer, M.A., a priest of the church, and up to a short time before his death pastor of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, Philadelphia, Pa., who entered into Life Eternal Sunday, October 26, 1924.

After serving efficiently as missionary to the Deaf in the Dioceses of Central and Western New York, Mr. Dantzer became pastor of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, Philadelphia, continuing in that capacity for approximately twenty-five years. Throughout his ministry he endeared himself to the people and was a pastor in every way, entering into the joys of his people and always ready to share their sorrows. It was largely due to his indefatigable labors that the present All Souls' Church for the Deaf was built, and the church edifice will stand as a memorial to him and his work.

To his widow and family we extend our sincere sympathy. May he rest in peace and light perpetual shine upon him.

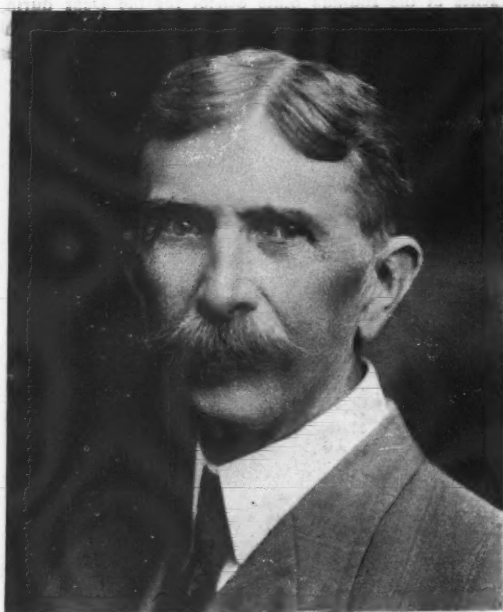
OLIVER J. WHILDIN

GEORGE F. FLICK

HERBERT C. MERRILL

## Biographical Sketch of David Shular Rogers

By His Niece, CLARA BELLE ROGERS



DAVID S. ROGERS, M. A.



MRS. DAVID S. ROGERS



ECEMBER second is the anniversary of the birthday of David S. Rogers, who was born in Sumter County, South Carolina, in the historic region where Marion and his band achieved fame during the Revolutionary War.

His parents (deaf) were educated at the Old Hartford School. The father was a native of Maine, whose ancestry were sea-captains and ship-builders. The mother, the daughter of a minister, was born on St. John Island in the vicinity of Charleston, South Carolina.

When school age was reached, both were sent to the Hartford School, that being the only known school for the deaf in America. Their school association led to marriage in later years, and five children were born to them—two boys and three girls, David being the third.

When he was about three years old, his parents moved to Cedar Springs, Spartanburg County, S. C. in the foothills of the Blue Ridge, where the children grew up.

It was during the Civil War that David entered the South Carolina School for the Deaf, and consequently his progress was much interrupted and retarded.

When General Robert Lee surrendered at Appomattox, the School was closed, owing to the collapse. It remained closed for three years. During this time, David assisted in his father's shoe shop, and owing to the money famine, all work was paid for in provisions.

One day, a letter from a friend, in the North, astonished him with the information that a college for the deaf had been established at Washington, and his ambition was aroused by a desire to attend. A letter was sent to Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, asking for admittance. After three months the reply came and was both kind and encouraging. It stated that the number of free students was limited, but he was confident it would be increased the following fall. A formal application was asked for, and this was prepared by the applicant himself.

Meanwhile, David studied hard at night and in the shoe shop, when not busy. He worked problems by means of a key, and improved his language by writing compositions and having them corrected by a country school teacher.

When the information came that he could be received into the college the coming fall, his joy was very great. He had feared that his living in the South, then under odium, would operate unfavorably in his case, but Dr. Gallaudet was wholly impartial in this respect, consequently, in September, 1868, the name of David S. Rogers appeared on the college register as a member of the Preparatory Class.

The next year found him with the Freshmen. He had won the prize for the best entrance examination. His progress was steady and satisfactory, and he took the full four years' course, graduating in 1873 in a class of three, and received the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

In the fall of the same year, he was appointed as teacher in the Iowa School, where he remained until the buildings were destroyed by fire in 1877. He then returned to South Carolina, and engaged in farming for two years.

In 1879, Mr. Rogers was married to Nettie M. Israel, a young lady, who had been educated at the Iowa School. In the same year, he became a teacher in the South Carolina School, remaining nine terms. It was he, who gave the name to the South Carolina School paper, the "Palmetto Leaf."

In 1888, he accepted an appointment at the Kansas School in Olathe, where he still remains, and is counted one of the leading educators of the deaf in the U. S. He teaches all the studies, but his speciality is mathematics. He has prepared a great many students for Gallaudet College.

Mr. Rogers is the only survivor of the College Class of '73. One of the graduates was David H. Carroll, of Ohio, who founded the "Minnesota Companion."

Below are letters, written by some of Mr. Rogers' old pupils and friends:—

Miss Clara Belle Rogers:

Dear Miss Rogers:—It gives me pleasure to add a line to your sketch of your uncle Prof. David S. Rogers.

We remember him as a very bright boy when he entered school in 1860. We watched his course in college with much interest. We regretted to give him up as a teacher of this school, when he was offered a better salary in another school.

We wish for him years of continued success in his work.

N. F. WALKER, Superintendent,  
S. C. School for the Deaf and the Blind.

Dear Miss Rogers:

It gives me much pleasure to help in your plan to surprise your good old Uncle Dave and my old teacher on his coming birthday with a write-up in the SILENT WORKER.

I was a young girl, when I was put in his class here at the Kansas School for the Deaf and I can honestly say that I found him not only a good, conscientious teacher, but "a friend in need" as well. He has helped many, who aspired to enter Galaudet College, not only with their lessons, but in a financial way, too.

Lovingly yours,

MRS. ED. H. McILVIAN (nee Margaret Naughton).  
Olathe, Kansas.

Dear Miss Rogers:

Among all the teachers of the Kansas School, there is probably no one better known and more loved and honored than that true Southern gentleman, David S. Rogers.

For nearly forty consecutive years, Mr. Rogers has taught hundreds of the deaf in Kansas. Being of pleasing qualities, handsome and eloquent, Mr. Rogers is exactly such a person as might alarm the jealousy of any man as advanced in years as he.

Being unaware of his many fine and virtuous qualities, such innocent simplicity becomes more of an honor than a blemish to the character of this grand old man of Southern ancestry. Would that we had more such men as he!

EDWARD S. FOLTZ, Teacher.

Kansas School for the Deaf.

Dear Miss Rogers:

Mr. Rogers came to the Kansas School more than thirty-five years ago. He is in point of service, the oldest living teacher here. And many are the "boys and girls" who have gone forth from the School, who remember him with love and

gratitude, for he was not only their teacher but their friend as well.

No visit to the Alma Mater is considered complete, unless a goodly part of the time has been spent with this venerable teacher and his estimable little wife.

KATHERINE R. MELDRUM, Teacher  
Kansas School for the Deaf.

Dear Miss Rogers:

Never has the Kansas School had on its faculty one who has done more for the welfare of the pupils than has Mr. D. S. Rogers. Every inch a gentleman he is, as well as a teacher. Always ready and willing to assist pupils in whatever way is deemed best. His influence over them in questionable and all for the best.

A. L. KENT, Printing Instructor.

Kansas School for the Deaf.

Dear Miss Rogers:

Just across the street, directly opposite the Kansas School for the Deaf is the home of Mr. D. S. Rogers, in years of service the oldest living teacher of that school. It is a Mecca for all the graduates and former pupils, for he who lives there is forever enshrined in the hearts of all.

IONA TADE SIMPSON, teacher.

Kansas School for the Deaf.

Dear Miss Rogers:

In all my associations with teachers of the deaf I have never come in contact with a more faithful, patient and conscientious teacher than Prof. D. S. Rogers of the Kansas School for the Deaf.

With his pleasant smile, pleasing manners, and winning ways, every one soon learnt to love and respect him. He was as gentle as a child and loved his pupils as if they were his own children. He always lent a helping hand, no matter what the trouble and tried his best to smooth over matters, both in the school room and outside.

I doubt if the profession has ever had a better all round teachers than Prof. Rogers.

J. M. FRIERSON, Teacher.

S. C. School for the Deaf and the Blind.



MISS CLARA BELLE ROGERS

Niece of David Rogers, who has been grade teacher in the South Carolina School for the Deaf for about twelve years.



MISS MARY CURTIS DAUGHDRILL, hearing daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Daughdrill, of Mobile, Ala., who became the bride of Ross D. Olive, of Chicago, Sept. 13th last. Miss Daughdrill, who was one of the most popular and efficient business women of Mobile, was a valued employee of the First National Bank. She is also an accomplished musician.

# GALLAUDET COLLEGE

By MARGARET E. JACKSON



NOT ONLY KENDALL GREEN, but also the city of Washington for sometime has been a kaleidoscope of so intriguing events that everyone hardly realized that the month has slipped. The World's Baseball Series, long to be remembered in Washington, culminated in great madness. Ardent fans became extravagantly jubilant. A certain Kendall Greener, while waiting in line for a ticket to one of the series games, was willing to spend the night at the ball park, sandwiched between a Chinese university student and a colored washwoman. For the benefit of those who could not secure tickets, Mr. Hooper, of the institution, invited everyone to "listen in" on his radio, and all turned up in the Boys' Reading Room. Dr. Ely interpreted the results.

Bets on the series games were popularly made, varying in the form of a treat to ice-cream to a two-cent stamp. Once more that antiquated hay cart reigned its short-lived supremacy. It was rummaged out from the college barn. To it were hitched the losers, made up of one-third of the boys from College Hall, while the victorious riders of the remaining part contented themselves by being the cynosure of all eyes of the fair sex during a lightning-like ride around Fowler Hall.

Foot-ball days! That national pastime is a delight to the hearts of the American ardent fans as a bull fight is to those of the Spaniards. Glory of the foot-ball season is predicted for the Buff and Blue eleven. Although the Gallaudettes were severely defeated by Bucknell in their first game of the season, they were not discouraged, however. Very ably coached by Teddy Hughes, they have fought onward with an unflinching spirit. As a result, they have been accredited with three overwhelming victories wrought from St. Johns' University, Lynchburgh College, and Drexel Institute. The game against Drexel, which was staged on Hotchkiss Field, was one of the most spectacular ones the Greeners have ever witnessed in several years. The following clipping is from the *Washington Star*:

## GALLAUDET SCORES 39-0 TRIUMPH OVER DREXEL

Led by Louis Massinkoff, diminutive quarterback, the Gallaudet College eleven, yesterday inflicted a crushing 39-0 defeat over Drexel Institute, of Philadelphia, at Kendall Green. Gallaudet was unable to gain through the Drexel line for the first three periods and resorted to end runs exclusively. The brilliant return of punts by Massinkoff resulted in two touchdowns in the first half, while Holdren also got away for a long run to scores.

After being held scoreless in the third period, in which Drexel got in its best work, the Kendall Greeners came right back in the last quarter to count three more touchdowns. The line-battering plunges of Rose and Clark figuring in two of the scores.

But a few minutes of play was left in the first quarter when Gallaudet scored the first of its two touchdowns of the period. Massinkoff received a punt on his own 60-yard line and Drexel raced through the whole Drexel team for the remaining distance. On the first play after the next kickoff, Holdren ran 65 yards around Drexel's left end for a touchdown, shaking off several tacklers en route.

Massinkoff came through a truly brilliant bit of work in the second quarter when he received a Drexel punt on his own 10-yard line and wove his way through a broken field to a touchdown. Would-be-tacklers were scattered over the gridiron in the wake of Massinkoff's dash.

A long forward pass, Schwartz to Hill, gave Drexel the ball on Gallaudet's 40-yard line in the third period, and another pass gained 15 yards. The threat ended however, when Wolf dropped another heave while standing over the goal line.

Intercepted passes by Clark and Pucci paved the way for

two of Gallaudet's three touchdowns in the final period. Rose scored two of them on line plunges.

GALLAUDET.	POSITION	DREXEL
Wallace	L.E.	Powers
Killian	L.T.	Mackin
Falk	L.G.	Snyder
Pucci	center	Gower
Young	R.G.	McQuarrie
Mlynarck	R.T.	Kialkowky
Danofsky	R.E.	Perry
Massinkoff	Q.B.	Schwartz
Clark	L.H.B.	Foley
Byork	R.H.B.	Cappuccio
Rose	F.B.	Maheer

Friday evening, October the tenth, the Literary Society held its first regular meeting in Chapel Hall. Dr. Hall delivered a lecture, "Our Neighbor, Mars," for which he received rounds of applause from the audience. The debate, "Resolved, that the Japanese Exclusion Clause in the Immigration Bill is unwise," followed with Messrs. Edward Kaercher, '26, and John Alto, '28, on the affirmative side and Messrs. John Reed, '26, and William Johnson, '28, on the negative side. The negative side won. A dialogue, "Annapolis, Ho!" which was given by Messrs. Luther Shilbey, '27, and Ridings, P. C., helped to enliven the audience. Afterwards, a declamation, "Opportunity," was recited in very graceful signs by Mr. William Riddle, '28. Mr. Lahan, S. S., acted as critic.

Saturday, October the eleventh, the Co-eds, lured by the dazzling beauty of the Indian Summer, went to Great Falls, Va., via trolley, with their chaperon, Miss Coleman. Upon arriving at the destination, it was noon, and everyone was as hungry as a bear. Hot dogs, coffee, delicious sandwiches, and so on, greatly appealed to the appetite. After lunch, the Co-eds explored the labyrinths of the woods and the rocky bank of the falls. The Preps, afterwards, delighted themselves by sending home snapshots of the ruins of the old mill and those of the iron foundry built by George Washington.

Friday evening, the seventeenth, Professor Hughes entertained the student body with several splendid reels of motion pictures.

Miss Oleta Brothers, '27, Miss Dorothy Clark, '28, Miss Lillian Bainer, '28, Miss Lucille DuBose, '28, and Miss Alice McVain, '28, were initiated into the Nest of the O. W. L. S. as full-fledged Owlets, on the night of the seventeenth.

The next evening, on the eighteenth, the annual O. W. L. S.'s banquet was celebrated in the Girls' dining-room in compliment to the new Owlets. The room was beautifully decorated with palms, ferns and emblems of the Co-eds' secret society. About thirty plates were laid. The menu was as follows:

Tomato Bisque	
Crisp Crackers	
Browned Chicken	Gravy
Olives	Sweet Pickles Celery
Potato Fluff	Green Peas
Cafe-Noir	
Mints	Salted Peanuts Bon-bons

Miss Mary Dobson, '25, President of the Sorority, acted as toastmistress. Miss Emma Sandberg, '25, welcomed the newly-initiated Owlets with "The Drawing." In response to Miss

Sandberg's welcome, Miss Alice McVain, '28, gave "Light at Last." Mrs. Drake, wife of Professor of Agriculture Drake, enlightened the student Owlets with "A Message from the Old Nest," giving very interesting accounts of the National O. W. L. S. meeting that took place during the Reunion Week here last June.

Among those who were present at the banquet, were Miss Edith Nelson, '14, Mrs. Drake, Mrs. Ellen Pearson Stewart, '17, Mrs. Regina Olson Hughes, '18, Miss Elizabeth Moss, '21, Miss Helen Moss, '23, Miss Elizabeth Hassett, '24, Miss Mary Klaitis, ex-'24, Miss Helen Pence, '24, and Mrs. Maud Hughes Wood, ex-'26.

Saturday evening, the twenty-fifth, the O. W. L. S. had its first regular literary meeting, which was held in the Girls' Reading Room. The meeting was graced by the presence of Mrs. Thomas H. Coleman, when she gave an exceedingly interesting talk, "My Fanwood Days." Her subject was undoubtedly a delight to some of the girls, mainly for the reason that the names of Miss Ida Montgomery, Mrs. Isaac Peet, and Mr. and Mrs. George S. Porter were occasionally mentioned. For a costume contest, Miss Alice McVain, '28, as a "Rat," Miss Edythe Ozburn, '27, as Hunchback of Notre Dame, and Miss Marie Parker, '28, as an Apache of Paris, competed. The judges voted in favor of Miss Parker. Following the contest, a short play, "Sohrab and Rustum," was introduced, and drew eager attention from the audience. Miss Mary Kannapell, '27, as Pera-Wisa; Miss Emma Sandberg, '25, as Sohrab, and Miss Lillian McFarland, '27, as Rustum, did not fail to portray their genuine emotions to the much impressed members. A dialogue, "Where are you going, Maid?" was then given by Miss Dorothy Clark, '27, who impersonated a milkmaid and Miss Estelle Caldwell, '27, who dressed as a gentleman. Afterwards a declamation, "A Fool's Prayer," declaimed by Miss Mildred Markstad, '25, as the King; Miss Weinona Edwards, '25, as the Fool, and Miss Oleta Brother, '25, as the Interpreter. Miss Margaret Jackson, '25, gave a critic's report.

Sunday, October the twenty-sixth, Dr. Ely conducted the chapel services. He took as his subject, the Life of Theodore Roosevelt, the typical American, which greatly inspired the students.

Friday evening, the thirty-first, the Old Jim Hall was metamorphosed to the mirror of an annual masquerade party at its gala hour. The big hall was appropriately trimmed with cornstalks and autumn leaves. The party was certainly picturesque with its fantastically-costumed merry-makers. All manners and dignity were shattered to the winds. The party began with a grand march, as is customary. The costume judges were Assistant Professor Nelson, Assistant Professor Guire, and Mr. McIntyre, '17. For the ugliest costume, Hunchback of Notre Dame, Miss Edythe Ozburn, '27, was awarded a prize. Mr. William Grow, '27, received a prize for impersonating a sophisticated woman, attired in a decollete evening gown. Miss Rhode Cohen, '25, disguised in the costume of a Japanese belle, was awarded a prize for the prettiest costume. Potato-race, Going-to-Jerusalem, and dancing were popular pastimes of the evening. Refreshments, appropriate for the occasion, were served.

Sometime ago several Co-eds went for a night hike to the Congressional Library and thence to the Union Station. Quite by chance, they caught a glimpse as plain as day of Senor Calles, President-elect of Mexico, who was accompanied to the station by a party headed by Secretary of War Wilbur.

Election Day has come and gone with much excitement. Of course, the students did not bother to vote for two reasons—that some of them are not as yet of age, and that the other, who have all the qualifications for voting, did not think it worth while to claim a legal residence as long as they live

temporarily in Washington. So a "straw" vote was manifested. The results were that Coolidge was the "man" for the majority of both the Faculty and the students, Davis came next to Coolidge and LaFollette received the lowest number 15.

On Election Night the Faculty kindly "suspended" the study-hour, so that the students might witness the returns of the election in town. The students went in groups of a party made up of three girls and their escorts. The traffic of humanity was conducted in an unusually quiet order, save for the clapping of hands at intervals. The *Washington Post*, *Herald*, and *Star* furnished the spectators with open-air movies, and the returns of the election occasionally flashed upon the sheet. Every one should have liked to stay up all night, awaiting the announcement of the President-elect, if it had not been for the decree of the Faculty that eleven-thirty o'clock was the limit.

JOHN (after first night on board): I say, old chap, where have my clothes gone?

STEWARD: Where did you put them, sir?

JOHN: In the little cupboard with the small class door.

STEWARD: I'm sorry sir, but that ain't no cupboard, sir; that's a port hole.

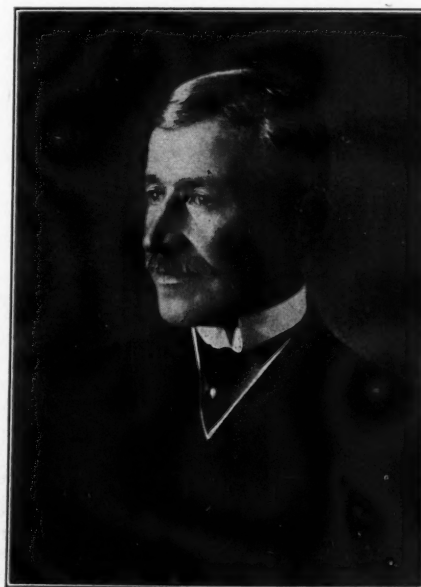
John wrote the following letter to his sweetheart: Dearest, darling, girl of my heart; I would swim the deepest rivers for you; I would brave the worst dangers for your sake; I would face death in any storm, just for you. Your only true lover,

JOHN.

P. S.—I'll be over to-night if it doesn't rain.

"I don't see why you are having so much trouble getting reliable servants," complained Brown.

"I'm not having any more trouble than the Washington government," retorted his wife.—*Boston Transcript*.



SYLVESTER J. FOGARTY

President of the Brooklyn De l'Epee Society, which commemorated on November 23rd, its twelfth annual celebration in honor of Abbe De l'Epee's 212th Natal Anniversary, with a banquet and reception at the Carroll Club, Madison Avenue and 30th Street, New York City.

Arrangements therefor were in the hands of a committee, of which Paul Murtagh is chairman, assisted by Messrs. John Maxey, Jere V. Fives, Thomas J. Cosgrove, Thomas O'Neil, James F. Lonergan and John F. O'Brien.

## The Message

This is intended as a message from the Missionary to the Deaf in the Dioceses of Albany, Central New York, and Western New York (comprising most of the State outside of New York City), giving information about church services for the deaf for the next few weeks, with such items of interest, Church news, etc., as circumstances permit. It is designed to take the place of "The Leaflet," the little paper published by the late Rev. H. J. Van Allen, and it is hoped that it will be helpful both to the deaf people in the cities where services are held and to those in other parts of his field whom the Missionary can not readily reach in person. THE MESSAGE will be sent out about once a month to all who desire it, free, but voluntary contributions to help defray the cost will be welcomed. Send the names and addresses of deaf friends who would be helped by this little paper to the Missionary and it will be sent them. There must be quite a number of deaf people living in the smaller cities, towns, and villages and on farms whom we do not yet know. The Missionary wishes to be as helpful as possible and will go anywhere in his district where his services are needed, and he will be pleased to confer or correspond with anyone regarding baptism of themselves or their children, confirmation, marriage, or any other Church office. His address is—

Rev. H. C. Merrill, 800 S. West St., Syracuse, N. Y.

The following appointments are announced. You are cordially invited to attend service in your vicinity, and you are requested to tell other deaf people about them.

- Oct. 3, Jamestown, 7:45 p.m.  
 " 4, LaSalle: St. Stephen's Church  
 " Buffalo, 11 a.m., 237 North St.  
 " 5, Rochester, 3:30 p.m.  
 " 5, Canandaigua, 7:30 p.m.  
 " 12, Syracuse, 10:30 a.m.  
 " 12, Binghamton, 3 p.m.  
 " 12, Elmira, 7:30 p.m.  
 " 17, Gallaudet Home.  
 " 19, Albany, 9 a.m.  
 " 19, Schenectady, 11 a.m.  
 " 19, Albany, 3:30 p.m.  
 " 19, Gloversville, 8:30 p.m.  
 " 22, Fulton, 8 p.m.  
 " 26, Rome, 8 a.m.  
 " 26, Utica, 11 a.m.  
 " 26, Ilion, 3 p.m.  
 " 26, Syracuse, 7:30 p.m.  
 " 29, Auburn, 7:45 p.m.  
 Nov. 2 Rochester, 11 a.m.  
 " 2, Batavia, 4:15 p.m.  
 " Buffalo, 7:45 p.m.

The following named persons have been received into Christ's Church through Holy Baptism: In St. Luke's Church, Rochester, May 25, 1924, Charles Edward, infant son of Edward L. and Olive Perry Palmateer. In Trinity Church, Watertown, June 6, Joel Richard and Prescilla Fern, children of Charles D. and Rena Creighton, Gale of Gouverneur. In Zion Church, Rome, June 18, Norman Clinton, infant son of Clinton L. and Duzelda Gilbert Decker. In Trinity Church, Syracuse, August 31, Herman John Welch, and on September 14, William Loren Cox.

On September 14, in Trinity Church, Syracuse, Jennie and William Loren Cox and Herman John Welch received the apostolic laying-on-of-hands, or Confirmation, from the Rt. Rev. Herbert H. H. Fox, Bishop Suffragan of Montana.

Marriages: In the Church of the Advent, Birmingham, Ala., June 29, the Rev. Henry J. Pulver, of Washington, D. C., and

Ollie Jane Rollings; and in Trinity Church, Syracuse N. Y., August 11, Allan Stephens Pabst and Helen C. Keller, both of Syracuse.

## Send in Your Contribution

With one exception, everything is in readiness for the fight to obtain automobile licenses in New Jersey. Able lawyers await our beckon. The state automobile trades association stands ready to second us in our fight. Chairman Beadell of the automobile committee is prepared with a wealth of data calculated to impress any court. In a word, everything is in readiness except the necessary funds.

The goal set by the committee is one thousand one hundred dollars. An intensive campaign is looked for in view of the fact that the opening of the state legislature is fast approaching. But we do not mean to stop right there; if necessary, we will take our case to court.

In order to obtain funds as speedily as possible, contributions are not necessarily limited to those who are deaf nor to those living within New Jersey. Surely this matter has some bearing on the deaf of the country, for if we win our case it will go a long way toward making it easier for the deaf of other states to do likewise. Precedent is a powerful factor, and if we actually win our case, Pennsylvania will get no little share of the credit.

New Jersey is a comparably little state, with probably no more than 700 deaf residents. Suppose each contributes a dollar to the automobile fund, that would be four hundred dollars short of the required amount. The committee, therefore, feels justified in appealing to a larger field, and we have every confidence that the country will make a generous response.

Send in your contributions to Mr. Kenneth Murphy, care of SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J. It will be duly acknowledged and your name and the amount of your contribution will be published.

MILES SWEENEY,  
 Sec'y N. J. Branch, N. A. D.

### IT'S AGOIN' WITH A BOOM

Within two days just before this article went to press and while the news had not yet reached far and wide, contributions began with a jump, making a total of \$48.25 which tells its own story. Though our goal is set at \$1,100.00, we are expecting to reach the \$500.00 mark at least by December 1. No amount that you may feel like giving will be too good for this cause. Contributions up to November 11th are as follows:

W. W. Beadell .....	10.00
Charles O. Dobbins .....	10.00
Vito Dondiego .....	10.00
John T. Boatwright .....	5.00
Kenneth Murphy .....	5.00
Bill Buchanan .....	2.00
Joshua Wilkinson .....	1.00
Kelly H. Stevens .....	1.00
Geo. S. Porter .....	1.00
Mrs. Geo. S. Porter .....	1.00
Miles Sweeney .....	1.00
Mrs. Miles Sweeney .....	1.00
Charles Miller .....	.25

Nov. 11. Total ..... \$48.25

Further contributions will be published in the January number of the SILENT WORKER.

KENNETH MURPHY,

# Windy City Observations

By THOMAS. O. GRAY



HIS has been a season of numerous picnics, all of which were financial failures, excepting the big Frat picnic, the Home Fund picnic, and the Stags outing. To begin with I will chronicle the Frat picnic because of its relation to the subjects following. It was a logically chosen date, July 5th, that helped to make the gathering a financial success. The attendance was swelled by the presence of delegates to the triannual conclave of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf at St. Paul. Railroads poured their loads from the East, the South-East, and the South into the Windy City where they were to be formed into the nucleus of a historic making epoch train—the Frat Special—for the final run to the proud city of St. Paul. It was a fretful old summer day, the 4th of July, when the delegates began to arrive for the visit to Frat Headquarters on an inspection trip. Then they were hustled aboard a Burlington Suburban train for the local division's picnic at Riverside on the banks of the beautiful Des Plaines River. Here amidst blankets of the green, and tall stately elms local frats entertained their Brothers from afar. 'Twas not much of an ideal picnic day but everybody tried to make the best of it in spite of the inclement weather. The only kick "heard" out there was the presence of grass widowers behind the lunch counter. These fellows knew about as much of the culinary art as they did cosmetics. The absence of sweet smiles, dainty hands with deft fingers and feminine environment brought out the question, "Is the Frat Aux doomed to failure?" The answer was given at the convention.

This picnic was attended by many notables from the Deaf world. Among those I met were "King" Pach who for the past thirty-three years has pushed his pencil up and down, untiringly, that the readers of our premier magazine—The Silent Worker—may digest the news, understandingly; big "Jawn" Mueller whose bay was a warning to you not to mention Volsteadism in his presence; James F. Brady who hails from the woods where the Jersey "skeeters" fatten off of you, and the plump and vivacious Mrs. Deliglio who came from the rose beds of the Puget Sound country where she mixes her time playing bo-peep behind Mt. Shasta and editing the "Work shop." All these authors are contributors to the Silent Worker so they closely scrutinized the "baby" of 'em all, however, nothing seemed to interest them outside the convention chatter. I sought out a photographer and lined them up for I wanted to have a closer look at these writers, especially, for character study. Mr. Witte whose splendid work photographing the interior of the Silent Athletic Club's home made a hit with others was engaged to take our pictures. But somehow known only to himself the camera refused to wink. It was my opinion that the bulls eye took stage fright on seeing the cosmopolitan photographer Pach, in the line-up and went into spasms. I, also met Mr. Frankenheim, interrupted his lecture to the mucilage in a ham sandwich long enough to get an introduction, then came Mr. Rhoades from the city of brotherly love. Before meeting me he had formed a picture of me that had all the features of a Stone Age giant but on seeing I was only an ordinary 145 pounder he wilted.

At 5 P.M. all the delegates were sent to the Silent Athletic Club's vaudeville entertainment, this was preceeding the morn of the start of the special train. Not being satisfied with what I saw at the picnic I determined to see the whole show. Going to the Union depot to watch every body bent on attending the convention and study the characteristics of the

situation, I sauntered down inspecting the exterior of the special while the passengers crawled aboard. Friends of those going were gathering about congratulating the more lucky and bidding them good-bye with old fashioned smacks that echoed back throughout the train sheds. Several marched up to the head of the train, decorating the train crew and the engine with banners and pinned on the overalls of the engineer and fireman emblematic ribbons denoting they were guests of the Frats. Still the army of travelers kept coming up to the time the conductor pulled out his watch, looked towards the engineer, pointed his finger skywards then the hand gripping the throttle of pacific engine No. 2864 opened the throttle through escaping steam roared. With one turn of the wheels the monster paused long enough for the engineer to eye the semaphore, askingly, the later's gracious bow conveyed to the man in the cab the word "Go." Slowly the giant driving wheels of the ponderous pacific began to feel their way down the network of tracks on groaning rails besmeared with the rust of yesterday's rain. Just then Father Time opened the big books of history and jotted down the run of the first Frat train ever run for the exclusive use of Frats, themselves. Picking up speed as she passed Chicago's environs down to the open country through the beautiful Des Plaines and Fox River valleys and out to Sinnissippi Farm near Oregon, Ill. This spendid farm, owned by ex-governor Frank O. Lowden who specializes in pure blooded stock, is one of the best managed farms of the Mid-West. On the roaring train went through the Rock River Valley which is the scene of many a Lincoln-Douglas debate and the spot where the bloodthirsty savage chief "Blackhawk" attacked the white settlers pouring in to the rich fertile valley. Edwin M. Brashar the 87 year old deaf pioneer is one who lived through this hell to see the defeat and capture of this warlike savage chief. A statue of "Blackhawk" stands about a mile above Oregon on the East bank of the Rock River. Our pioneers passed on leaving a world of profitable farms. Several land marks still linger to remind you of quaint old towns filled to the brim with peace and jointed by concrete highways.

Through the courtesy of Mr. P. L. Gartside, one of the Burlington's traveling passenger agents, I secured all the facts concerning the run of the special. The train was made up of one observation lounge car, three chair cars, two coaches, a baggage car and two of the Burlington's finest dining cars, recently acquired, comfortably seating 36 persons. On past East Dubuque went the special parallelling the Father of Waters for several miles. It is doubtful whether anyone aboard knew they were passing through such scences as I describe here. Possibly, they were too attentive to conversation to think of where they were traveling, but it is true, nevertheless. Between Prairie Du Chein, Wis., and East Dubuque there is the junction point of the Mississippi and Wisconsin rivers. Here stands old Fort Crawford, ancient defender of the great water highway between lake and river settlements. Here also stands a part of the old Zachary Taylor manison. This is the place where a world famed elopement took place. Old Zachary, known as a valiant fighter in the Mexican war, denied the hand of his daughter in marriage to Jefferson Davis, whereupon Davis took advantage of dark night to bundle her through a frowning window into a romantic elopement. The Nelson-Dewey State park is also located here. From Point Lookout Father Marquette caught his first glimpse of the Father of Waters. The late John Jacob Astor, as a fur trader, got his start here towards laying the foundations of

his fortune. On June 7th President Coolidge signed the bill setting aside this region for a permanent game preserve for the protection of myriads of water fowl and fresh water fish. Through this beautiful country thundered the special without a chance for any one to comprehend the passing scenery. At times the speed averaged 62.3 miles per hour, while the average speed for the 440 miles run, including stops for water, changing of engines and passengers, was 35.916 miles per hour. It left the Windy City at exactly 9:20 A.M. with 186 passengers, including dyed-in-the-wool Frats, curiosity seekers and a few parasites, maintained an on time schedule the entire distance, arriving at the Union station at St. Paul with 218 passengers were picked up at convenient places along the route.

The writer has made several trips over the Burlington system and can say their trainmen are courteous and considerate towards travelers. A few years back, on returning from a vacation trip to Denver, I happened to be aboard the Burlington's crack Denver train. By the schedule it was due to arrive in Chicago just twenty minutes before the departure of a Northwestern train which I was bent on catching. A rain storm had come up around midnight drowning the vibrations of the train, but I could not seem to understand the situation. I crawled from my berth, going to the smoking compartment I inquired of the porter why the train was standing still. "Standing still," he stuttered, in surprise. He eyed me curiously, just then the train rounded a sharp curve as I sat down in a corner which satisfied me it was not "standing still" but going a mile a minute.

It will be interesting to note whether this road will put in a bid for the Denver convention travel. Since the first special train proved so popular it is believed that the next convention will see another run over the 1000 mile road bed to Denver, though high Frat officials remain noncommittal. The habit has started and possibly will continue indefinitely. But there is one direct way to kill the practice, not by abolishment but by your own conduct. If you respect the wishes of others, with gentlemanly and courteous manners, you go along way to popularize the special. Rather sharp criticism was "heard" from many returning from the convention over the conduct of several enroute there, aboard the special; even the Eastern clergy were indignant. This is no way to elevate yourselves in the eyes of the more fortunate whom you think are prejudiced against you for several reasons. Manly manners, coupled with gentlemanly conduct, will go a long way to win respect with our more fortunate brethren. The following lines written by one gone on before speaks for itself:

"I have seen manners that make a similiar impression with personal beauty; that gives the like exhilaration, and refine us like that; and in memorial experiences they are certainly better than beauty, and make that superfluous and ugly. But they must be marked by fine perception, and must always show control; you shall not be facile, apologetic, or leaky, but king over your word; and every gesture and action shall indicate power at rest. They must be inspired by the good heart. There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior like the wish to scatter joy, and not pain around us."—Emerson.

—:—

After the end of the Civil War came the reconstruction period—a mass of bitterness, factionalism, and pretty politics that threatened to disrupt the nation. Among the inhabitants who were spared the four years of bloody struggle, between different sections of the country, were the deaf-mutes. They had suffered much—like all the others who had to bear the burden of feeding the vast armies of the nation—they contributed their toil. It was with a willingness, true patriotism

and indomitable patience that they did their duty; not only in the North but also in the South, and at the end of the war they were forgotten. Many perplexing problems confronted them; their affliction making the battle for existence another Gettysburg. They were looked upon with pity and persecuted with discriminatory tacts. Smarting under this yoke they came together, concentrated their wits "In union there is strength," and organized for protection under the National Association of the Deaf. This association has since exerted its influence to protect and defend the Deaf from unjust legislation.

To this day it has strived faithfully to prove our affliction isn't a cause to bar us from competing with others in employment and pleasure seeking. It has sent a mailed fist to points where attempts to question our rights with others in the pursuit of life, liberty, and happiness have been made. It functions with weapons of an educational nature, not with the cowardly concealed guns. Its punch carries conviction wherever it lands; not with the brutality of a prize fighter's blow but with a gentle touch of comprehensive and perceptive truth. It leaves no enmity between discriminated, for the understanding it teaches heals the wounds of strife. In spite of this the National Association of the Deaf has been made the target for numerous uncomplimentary remarks by the pessimist. This peculiar species of humanity, whether he is as sagacious as an ape or as stubborn as a donkey, questions the honesty of the association and its officials. Be it the last step one would go to sympathize with the evils of life to say this against those who have sacrificed their time and labor without remuneration that we might enjoy the liberty, rightly acquired, by inheritance from our forefathers. It may be said, with some truth, that laxity of the association in the use of the press to convey its functioning to the Deaf has cultivated this belief. However, consider the annual dues—that measly 50 cents—for the privilege of being protected. Can you expect the association to give more in proportion to what it receives from you? It's about as much help to the association as a straw thrown to save the life of a drowning man. This is less than one cent a week, yet when the collector comes around to remind you of your N. A. D. dues, you let out a yelp, "It's too much." But don't you think you get more interest by blowing a five-spot over to the cash register for the privilege of seeing a horned-toad with a mask of skull and cross-bone hopping across the barroom floor? You can have your own pick, that's your privilege, but remember, "What ye sow ye shall also reap."

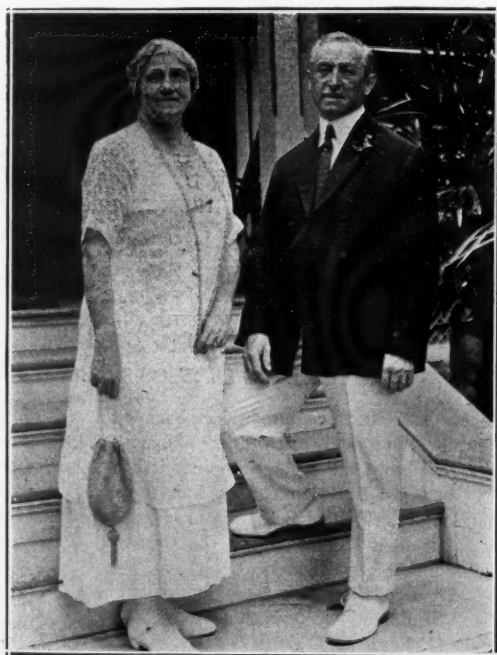
The National Association of the Deaf can be effectively organized into a strong body that will win the respect of the enemies of the Deaf, but you cannot hope for this until you support it. Did not you support the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf? Yes, you did, and now look at it! Has not it grown to be half-a-million of assests in less than twenty-five years? Were you to give half your efforts to the N. A. D. that you gave to the N. F. S. D. it would become as powerful in less time. Some say the N. F. S. D. is just the organization to look after their welfare. It certainly is, but only in sickness, disability, and protection for loved ones at your death. That's its fundamentals and to be successful it must continue to hew to this line. I have interviewed several intelligent persons among the Deaf and find many willing to have a head-tax of five-dollars a year placed on members until time when sufficient funds are raised to insure an income that will meet the needs of a competent man to look after our welfare. Suppose 10,000 members all over the U. S. A. came across there would be \$50,000 raised within a year. Then in another year we would have \$100,000, which invested wisely would yield an annual income of \$7,000. This is not for the interests of the pessimist but for deaf motorists and their champions. Other motorists



HALLOWE'EN PARTY AT THE PAS-A-PAS CLUB OCT. 25, 1924.

have organized for protection and the Deaf motorist must do so or perish. The progressive and changing world demands this.

The Life Membership of the N. A. D. is good, but it carries no provision for the association to say when it shall be forthcoming. It's too darn slow leads many to think when they become a Lifer their name is engraved in the Hall of Fame as a martyr to the cause, and afterwards their interest in the association wanes.



MR. AND MRS. CHARLES J. LeCLERCO  
Formerly of New York and San Francisco, now of Hawaii.

## Pennsylvania Traffic Regulation

The following is self-explanatory:

DEPARTMENT OF HIGHWAYS  
Harrisburg, Penna.

October 29, 1924.

Rev. F. C. Smielau,  
Selins Grove, Pa.

Dear Smielau:—Supplementing previous correspondence regarding Alexander Tinglino, 1618 Fairmont Ave., Philadelphia, I have this day revoked his operating privilege on the basis of information received from yourself, together with the fact he has made mis-statement of facts on his application for operator's license. Should Tinglino operate during the period of revocation he is subject to a fine of from \$100 to \$200, six months' imprisonment or both, and should it come to your attention Tinglino continues to operate motor vehicles, I would assuredly appreciate your calling this matter to my attention.

Sincerely yours,  
(Signed) BENJ. G. EYNON,  
Registrar of Motor Vehicles.

A week ago I went over the files of the Highway Department with the Chief Clerk. Of the 95 applications for operator's licenses sent in by deaf-mutes whom I know personally, twenty-three made (either intentionally or unintentionally) false statements. I was asked to notify all deaf motorists of the State that any one misstating facts in the future will be prosecuted.

F. C. SMIELAU,  
Chairman of the Special Committee.

### A QUICK-CHANGE ARTIST

Beggar—"Ah, ma'am, I wasn't always blind!"

Lady—"No. Yesterday you were deaf and dumb!"—*Pele-Mele (Paris).*

# National Association of the Deaf

*Organized 1800. Incorporated 1900. An organization for the Welfare of all the Deaf*

## OFFICERS

ARTHUR L. ROBERTS, *President*  
358 E. 59th St., Chicago, Ill.

O. W. UNDERHILL, *First Vice-President*  
School for the Deaf, St. Augustine, Fla.

MRS. C. L. JACKSON, *Second Vice-President*  
17 Lucile Ave., Atlanta, Ga.



F. A. MOORE, *Secretary and Treasurer*

School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.

THOMAS F. FOX, *Board Member*

99 Ft. Washington Ave., N. Y. City.

J. W. HOWSON, *Board Member*

California School for the Deaf, Berkeley, Cal.

EDW. S. FOLTZ, *Board Member*

School for the Deaf, Olathe, Kansas

## DE L'EPEE COMMITTEE REORGANIZED

In the early part of the present year, the De l'Epee Memorial Statue Committee was reorganized, with the following personnel:

H. L. Stafford, Chairman, Minnesota.

Samuel Frankenheim, Treasurer, New York.

C. W. Charles, Ohio.

Hugo Matzner, Mississippi.

The latest report from this committee shows assets on hand of over \$5,800.00.

The administration of the Association is anxious to complete the Gallaudet replica at Hartford at the earliest possible date, and has felt that two active campaigns at one and the same time to raise money for statues has acted as a detriment to the very rapid growth of their fund. In line with the policy that this feeling has dictated, the Gallaudet Monument committee has been given the right of way for the time being; to enable it to complete its task.

These two monument funds were started at practically the same time, in 1913. The amount required to build the Gallaudet replica being less than that to erect a new and original statue to De l'Epee, the Gallaudet committee should be able to complete the work much sooner, especially if it is not hampered by competition. As soon as the Gallaudet replica is completed, the De l'Epee monument will be pushed vigorously.

Chairman Stafford of the De l'Epee committee is now in Europe for a stay of some months. During his absence, Treasurer Frankenheim will be acting chairman, in addition to his other duties. Mr. Le Clercq is now in Hawaii, but expects to return to the States shortly.

ARTHUR L. ROBERTS,  
President.

The Committee in charge of the new Statue of Gallaudet has gone forward and ordered the bronze casting made, in the expectancy that enough additional money will be raised soon to complete the pedestal. The committee has to date raised \$6,626.98. This will not be enough to complete both the bronze group and the pedestal. About \$1,500 additional is needed.

Let us rise to the emergency, and on this December 10th, in our meetings from coast to coast and from the Canadian Border to the Rio Grande, raise this additional \$1,500, permit the committee that has labored so long and faithfully to complete its task, and erect on the grounds of the Hartford School an enduring monument, typifying the devotion of the deaf to our great benefactor.

ARTHUR L. ROBERTS,  
President.

## MR. FOLTZ TO THE BOARD

Mr. Edward S. Foltz, instructor in the Kansas School at Olathe, has been appointed to the place on the Executive Board made vacant by the recent resignation of Dr. James H. Cloud, of St. Louis.

Mr. Foltz is a young man of much promise, and well known over the country, especially in the Missouri Valley, which will comprise his immediate territory as a member of the Board. The President takes pleasure in announcing his acceptance of the appointment, and in welcoming him to the official family of the N. A. D.

ARTHUR L. ROBERTS,  
President.

Chicago, Ill., October 28, 1924.

## HONOR OUR BENEFACTOR

December 10th is an anniversary the deaf people of America should never allow to go by unnoticed. It is the birthday anniversary of their great benefactor, who opened up for them the high road to knowledge and competency, Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet.

Therefore all organizations of the deaf in this country are urged to meet on December 10th, or as near that date as possible, and give some thought to the great pioneering work he did.

The National Association of the Deaf has undertaken to build a replica of the bronze statue of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet now adorning Kendall Green at Washington, to be placed on the grounds of the new American School at Hartford, Connecticut, in the city which witnessed the first labors of Gallaudet in behalf of the deaf.

## MOTOR REGULATIONS

The N. A. D. traffic Bureau has been enlarged so that it may more effectively meet and cope with the situations rapidly developing at different points in the country with regard to regulations that may bar the deaf from the privilege and profit of driving motor vehicles. The Bureau as reorganized and enlarged will be composed of the following members:

W. W. Beadell, Chief, New Jersey.

F. C. Smielau, Pennsylvania.

Cloa G. Lamson, Ohio.

C. C. Codman, Illinois.

Waldo H. Rothert, California.

Mr. Beadell has been chief of the Bureau since its organization some two years ago. Mr. Smielau led the fight in the Pennsylvania Legislature to have the unjust and discriminatory law in that State repealed, and an equitable method examining deaf drivers adopted. Miss Lamson has collected a good deal of data on the subject in Ohio, and will be in a position to look after our interests at Columbus, when the legislature meets. Mr. Codman is now engaged in preparing for possible developments in Illinois and will be ready to counteract influences detrimental to the deaf. Mr. Rothert on the Pacific coast is familiar with the developments in that district within the last few years, where it was sought to deprive the deaf of the right to drive cars, the efforts ultimately failing. The Bureau thus composed should be in a position to render good service, collect data, compile literature, and advise communities of the deaf where discriminatory legislation is proposed.

The effort to modify the New Jersey ruling barring deaf drivers is going forward, and will be continued until success is attained.

A like situation exists in Maryland. The automobile commissioner of that State has steadfastly refused to issue drivers' licenses to the deaf. A determined effort will be made to change this attitude the coming Winter.

In Ohio, a bill or bills will in all probability be drawn up and presented to the proper committee of the State legislature, making drastic changes in the present motor regulations. Action looking to this end has already been the situation in Ohio, and efforts are being made to prevent unfavorable recommendations regarding deaf drivers from appearing in the proposed bills.

In Illinois, the Legislature will be asked to pass a new law governing drivers' permits. As above stated, moves have been made to forestall any undesirable action with respect to the deaf. If necessary, the fight will be carried before the Legislature.

With some 22,600 persons killed in traffic accidents, 678,000 people injured in such accidents, and damage to property amounting to \$600,000,000 in 1923, it is to be expected that States and communities will ultimately demand more rigid regulations governing the use of motor vehicles. Public safety is paramount. Life and property must be protected. The indiscriminate issuance of drivers' permits is to be condemned by all right thinking people. Many persons now handling motor cars are wholly unfit to be entrusted with deadly machines on the streets and highways.

Hearing people unacquainted with the deaf, naturally conclude that their deafness completely bars them from driving cars. They must be educated to the truth.

The deaf should fight any proposal that bars them from the enjoyment and profit of driving cars solely on account of their deafness. Abundant reasons may be advanced to refute such a contention.

The deaf should demand a fair and impartial examination as to their ability, where such examination is required of hearing applicants. Where they are found incompetent on account of deficiencies other than deafness, they should be refused licenses, the same as hearing applicants. The deaf demand no favors. They ask only a fair chance to demonstrate their ability.

As citizens and tax-payers, authorities have no right to refuse the proper use of the streets and highways to deaf drivers. The mere supposition that they are a menace to public safety and to their own while driving cars will not do. Supposition and presumption cannot be tolerated when it is proposed to deprive a large body of citizens of their just rights.

Discriminatory motor regulations aimed at the deaf must not be allowed to go through, for another reason. Such regulations will undoubtedly classify the deaf with cripples, epileptics, the near-blind, and other deficient persons. Their general standing and competency will be placed before the hearing public in a false light. It would then be only a step further to propose other regulations regarding the deaf that would effect their happiness and well-being.

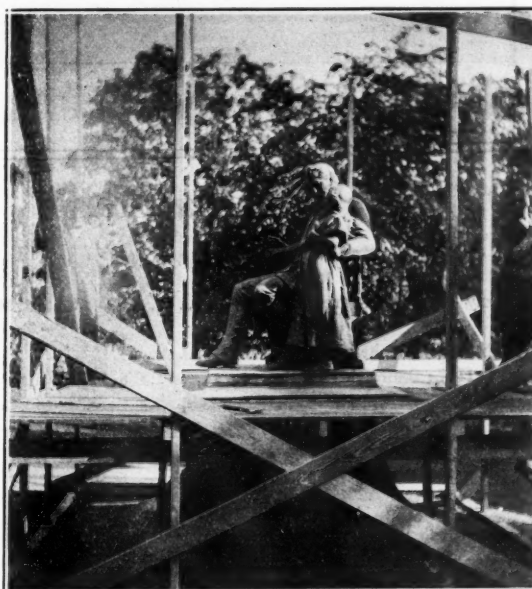
The National Association of the Deaf intends to see that such regulations, wherever proposed and wherever they may now be in existence, are defeated and repealed.

Stand by the Association and the Association will stand by you.

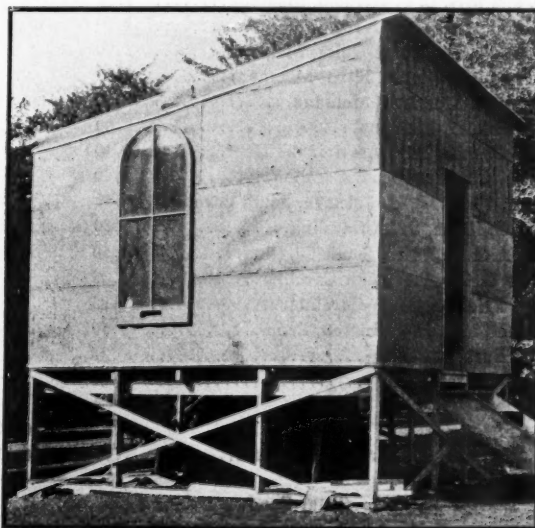
ARTHUR L. ROBERTS,  
President.

Chicago, Ill., October 28, 1924.

## The Gallaudet Statue Replica



Enclosure being erected around the Gallaudet Monument



The Gallaudet Monument enclosed for the purpose of making a plaster cast



Main building of the American School at Hartford. The Gallaudet Monument Replica will be placed at point indicated by white circle in center of picture. The Clerc statue can be seen in front of left wing

## De l'Epee Memorial Statue Fund

### REPORT 41

Previously reported, March 24, 1924..... \$5,525.01

Through S. Frankenheim, N. Y..... 64.10  
Through H. L. Stafford, Duluth..... 6.50

\$70.60

#### Collectors

Mrs. Bessie H. Brown, Montana..... 6.50  
G. C. Burkett, Penn..... 1.00  
Alex. B. Rosen, South Carolina..... 3.00  
Samuel Frankenheim, N. Y..... 60.10

\$70.60

#### Contributions by

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Herbold, Montana..... 1.00  
Mr. and Mrs. V. P. Herbold, Montana..... 1.00  
Mr. and Mrs. George Quick, Montana..... 1.00  
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ryan, Montana..... 1.00  
George N. Morrison, Montana..... .50  
Kate Pointer, Montana..... 2.00  
N. Y. Branch, Nat'l Ass'n of the Deaf..... 60.10  
Sam L. Clarxson, South Carolina..... 1.00  
Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Coleman, South Carolina..... .50  
Alex. B. Rosen, South Carolina..... .50  
Mrs. Alex. B. Rosen, South Carolina..... .50  
Annie L. Dwight, South Carolina..... .25  
J. M. Frierson, South Carolina..... .25  
Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Burkett, Penn..... .50  
Merl Burkett, Penn..... .25  
G. C. Burkett, Penn..... .25

70.60

Interest and profit from investments..... 206.01

October 18, 1924. Total Fund..... \$5,801.62

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM,

Treasurer.

18 West 107th St., New York City.

## De L'Epee Memorial Statue

A society has been found for the furtherance of the interest in the Statue Fund and the advancement of civic pride and public spirit and in which every one, man and woman, little and big, is given the opportunity to have his or her name perpetuated in the rolls of honor.

It is entitled "De l'Epee Memorial Statue Society" and a considerable number of members have already been enrolled in New York City.

We want 10,000 of the deaf in the United States to be members of this Society and your name will be published in two of the leading periodicals of the deaf.

Those, not receiving membership blanks, are informed that annual dues of the donor \$5.00; the patron, \$1.00; Member, 50 cents and the contributor, 25 cents. Please join and pay any of the above dues and receive a slip. Send the money to Mr. Samuel Frankenheim, Treasurer, 18 West 107th St., New York, N. Y.

Mr. Henry L. Stafford, the Chairman, is in Europe and may be absent for many months. President Roberts has appointed me Chairman pro-tem during his absence.

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM,

18 West 107th St., N. Y. City.



Left to right—F. P. Gibson, Mrs. J. M. Vestal, Robert C. Miller, J. M. Vestal, on Mt. Mitchell, North Carolina, August 15, 1924; 6711 feet up, highest point east of Rockies.

# "Hustle, Think and Smile"

By TROY E. HILL



THE ABOVE caption is the title of a poem written by a brother of the conductor of this page, and recent happenings bring it to mind in a most forceful manner, for it seems to me to be just the thing for us deaf folks to keep in mind, if we are to get on in the world. In the first place, we are all handicapped wherever we live, and wherever we work. Of course there are exceptions to the rule, but the general run of us have

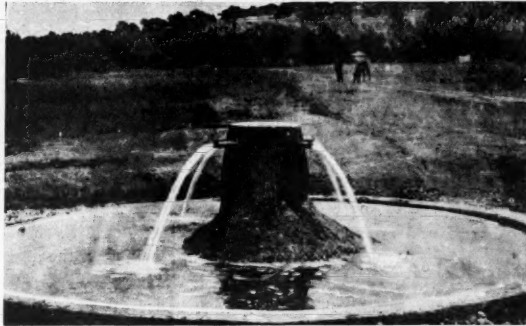
that we put up with a whole lot of unpleasantness and smile right back as if we liked it. The poem which I referred to runs as follows:

Early in the morn,  
You're not tired and worn,  
On your knees awhile  
Then hustle, think, and smile.

Hustle, man, to work,  
Duty never shirk  
Laziness beguile,  
Hustle, man, awhile.

Would you get into  
The best rank and file,  
Put yourself in tune, man,  
Hustle, think, and smile,

Hustle, think, and smile;  
Labor all the while:  
Give your heart to God, man,  
Then hustle, think, and smile.



This old tree stump in the picture looks real enough, but it is made of concrete, and the water from each of the four openings is of a different degree of sulphur contents. How this was accomplished is unknown to the writer, but his theory is that they drilled one well, say 100 feet, then drilled down to the next layer of water and so on. When one well goes dry they just drill another hundred feet or so and up comes more water. Each layer, however, has a different degree of strength in its sulphuric contents.

to get out and rustle up our own jobs. If we want to stick on to a job we must forever be on the hustle.

While the writer was employed in Akron, Ohio, in the big Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company's plant as tiremaker, it was noticed that the fellow who was making the biggest wages, was the one who was always on the hustle, and also was smiling. We never did hanker to be a tirebuilder or any other kind of a laborer. If we are not far wrong, we made life miserable for Martin, the labor agent for the deaf people, with our daily quest that we be given office work. While in Akron there was not a single deaf man working in the office of Goodyear, and as we had been trained for office work and liked that kind of work we kept at Martin, day and night, for a period of over a year, but never did succeed in bringing him to our viewpoint, that deaf people could succeed in the office. It was after I had left Akron and returned to Texas, that the first deaf man got his chance in the office at Goodyear, and that man was Tom Blake. Now Tom Blake is a hustler; he is also a thinker, and as for smiles, he is always smiling, at least so it seemed to me while in Akron.

To get back to my subject, what I am trying to get at is this: the deaf worker must forever be on the hustle, if he wants to keep his job. He must forever be a thinker, if he wants to get more wages, and must forever smile if he wants to hold his job. Only recently two deaf men in Dallas lost their jobs through no fault of their own. It seems at one place a big Italian hunkey was interfering with a deaf boy at his work; who put up with the abuse for a reasonable length of time, and finally he went after the big dago with a piece of iron. The big fellow proved a coward and when explanations were demanded by the management the dago put over his tale and the deaf boy who could not explain his side was fired. This has happened in other instances to the writer's knowledge.

So it seems that if we want to hold a job it is necessary

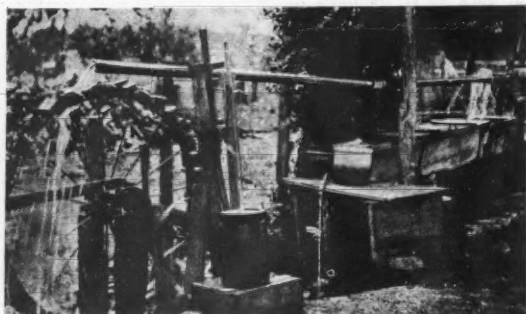


## DINOSAUR TRACKS

These tracks were discovered by men digging a ditch, and the final one is fully ten feet underground. No doubt if they were to dig long enough the bones of the monster would be unearthed. The writer personally saw the tracks and can vouch for the fact that the tracks are real parts of the rock and not humanly made, and the size of the animal can be guessed at: by the fact that the tracks are fully sixteen feet apart.

## A SUCCESSFUL DEAF BUSINESS MAN

In the little village of Glen Rose, Texas, lives Bush Price, one of the few deaf men in Texas who is conducting his own business and making a success of it. Bush Price left the Texas School for the Deaf before the writer was out of knee britches and upon leaving immediately set out to find a trade to follow.



THE CHURN

This churn is the property of Bush Prices' mother and was made by the Price boy, out of an old bindery wheel and a lot of tin cans and cog wheels. It really works, too, saving time labor, and the horsepowder gratis

For the first few years he shifted around, first working in the packing house in Ft. Worth, later doing odd jobs at other places, but finally returning to his home town, Glen Rose, where he went to work for his father, who was at that time the Ginner and Flourmill man of Somerville County, Texas.

Just what duties Bush had to start with are uncertain, but it is certain that he kept plugging along at the job which he had. After working for his father several years, he and two of his brothers purchased the business from their father, and today after running it for several years they have made a return of nearly 100% on their original investment, and Bush Price is one of the leading citizens of his home.

Bush Price, being the owner of the only gin and flourmill in Somerville County, Texas, is still an industrious worker and does not let his success get to his head, but continues plugging along at the job in hand. Being one of the owners of the mill does not keep him from working, as testified to by his appearance the day the writer paid a visit to Glen Rose. It seems that Bush and his brothers, besides owning the Gin and Mill, do practically all the work themselves. One brother is manager and the other foreman of the Mill and Gin pockets, and each one's share is made larger by their own efforts.

One Saturday, about the middle of August, the writer and his wife, together with Mr. and Mrs. Whit Jennings and Mr. Ernest Barnes, all deaf of Dallas, climbed into the writer's "rattler," and made the 98 mile trip to Glen Rose in about three hours actual driving time. Arriving at Glen Rose we were immediately served with one of the swellest chicken dinners it has ever been the pleasure of the writer to partake of. Mr. and Mrs. Price proved themselves to be generous hosts, and after spending the week end with them we lit out for Dallas, and made the return journey in two hours and forty-five minutes, which is some riding, believe me.

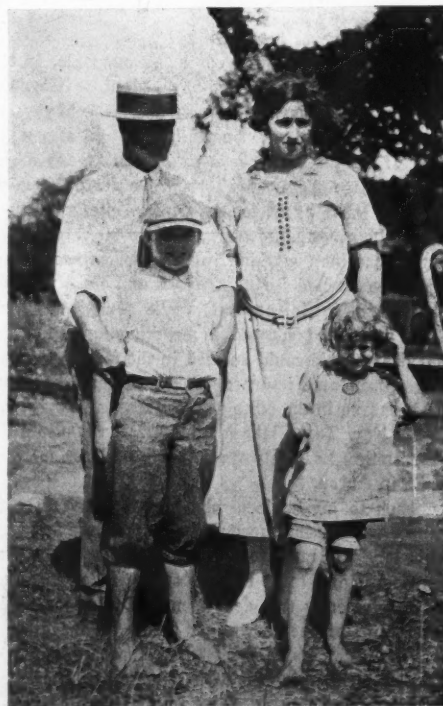
While in Glen Rose, the County Seat of Somerville County, Texas, (the smallest county in the State, being less than 25 miles in diameter, yet contains more devilry per square inch than any other county in the State, we enjoyed drinking more varieties of water than we ever knew existed before. First time we took a glass in hand and proceeded to take a dip, we thought surely somebody must have dropped a rotten egg in the well, but after the agony of the first drink that water tasted better than any soda pop ever made. Each home owner drills his own well, or has one drilled; you only have to drill about a

hundred feet before striking water. Then you put in your pipes, and never have to pay a water bill the rest of your life. There is no pump to manipulate, no bucket to be drawn. You simply turn the faucet and up comes the water. At one place one well is sending up four varieties of sulphur and iron bromide water. Just walk around, take four different drinks, and I'll guarantee you will never think of castor oil again.

Sommerville County contains more bootleggers than any other county in the State, and the reason for this is the extremely hilly and rocky nature of the land. Yet for each evil character, such as a bootlegger, there are ten of the finest specimens of men that can be found on God's green earth.

The journey to and from Glen Rose was made in our ancient Yessex—Essex, if you prefer—but to us she is a Yessex, for the simple reason that everytime we hit a long hard hill, or a long stretch of black sticky mud, we just pat her on the back and ask: can we make it, Yessex, and down we push the accelerator and away we go, when the old boat goes right up the hill humming Yessex all the way. Never met a hill yet she wouldn't climb, and as for mud pulling, we once got stuck down in Travis County, which, by the way, contains more black sticky mud per square inch than any other county we was ever in. On one trip down there we came to the muddy strip and found about two dozen cars bogged up. Everybody in line had to get out and push to clear the road, but the minute the road was clear, yours truly turned on the juice and made the whole six-mile stretch in high gear, hence the loving name of Yessex.

Sorry we haven't any pictures of Bush Price's big Gin and Flour mill, but we are giving you a few pictures we found in Glen Rose, and one of Price and his family.



BUSH PRICE AND HIS FAMILY

Mrs. Price was formerly Grace Heitt, a former schoolmate of Mr. Price, who was a classmate of the writer. Their two healthy and handsome children are perfectly normal in all respects. The background of this picture is what might be called Bootleggers' Delight. Grapes by the million bushels. We got two bushels and they made perfect jelly.

## Boulder Convention



THE fifth biennial convention of the Montana State Association of the Deaf was held at Boulder last June and was quite largely attended. The sessions were held in the school rooms of the state school for the deaf. An interesting program was given and it was a most enjoyable meeting for those in attendance. Chris Thompson of this city was the president of the association and presided at all of the sessions.

The invocation was given by the Rev. E. C. Smith of Boulder. The address of welcome by H. J. Menzemer, superintendent of the state school; the response by President Chris Thompson who said:

The deaf people are an uncomplaining lot. They are patriotic and prosperous. Pay their obligations without fussing and are quiet, peaceful citizens. They are proud of their families and accomplishments. But above all they are proud of their school. The school citizens return 100 per cent to the state. The deaf school fits its pupils for nearly all walks of life. The men and women who are members of the association are engaged as newspaper writers, painters attendants, typists, carpenters, farmers, moving picture operators, mechanics, job printers, auto mechanics, architects, laundry workers, etc., making and saving money which shows the kind of citizens they are.

The afternoon program of the opening day was given over entirely to routine business. The evening session consisted of story telling and a movie show in the chapel of the school. On Friday they had a picnic all day and had a splendid program of sports as follows:

Men's 100-yard dash, 1st prize a pair of shoes, won by Clarence Altop; second, Johnson of Butte, a pair of silk hose donated by Barney's Fashion Shop of Deer Lodge; 3rd, Harry Schoelsberg of Boulder, \$1.00 in cash.

Ladies' race, 1st Mrs. Robert Ryan of Valier, manicure set, donated by Stelle & Co., of Boulder; 2nd Mrs. Green of Boulder, a pair of silk hose, donated by the MacPherson Mercantile Co. of Deer Lodge.

Rabbit race, 1st, C. E. Altop of Boulder, a box of cigarettes; 2nd, Louis A. Knopp, silk shirt, donated by the Goodfriend Anaconda; 3rd, Mr. Clark of Glacier National Park, three pair of silk socks, donated by Barney's Fashion Shop of Deer Lodge.

Ladies' ball throwing contest, 1st, Miss K. Brown of Boulder, 5 pounds of jam, donated by the Boulder Market; 2nd, Mrs. Winchel of Sand Point, Idaho, a bottle of perfume, donated by Alf Whitworth, of Deer Lodge.

Cracker race, 1st, Christ Flaskrud of Harrison, a silk tie, donated by Tucker Brothers of Anaconda; 2nd, Harry Schoelsberg of Boulder, a box of crackers, donated by the Boulder Market.

Necktie race, 1st, Mrs. B. H. Brown, 2 lb. box of candy, donated by Mrs. Maguire of Boulder; 2nd, Mrs. Elsie Davis of Butte, Turkish towels, donated by Hennessy's.

Batting ball contest, 1st, Fred J. Low of Boulder, ivory safety razor set, donated by Riddels; 2nd, E. V. Kemp, a pair of cuff links, donated by Coleman's of Deer Lodge.

Ladies' water carrying contest, 1st, Miss Montana Kemp, of Boulder, summer sweater, donated by Shattucks of Boulder; 2nd, Mrs. Long of Harlem, bottle of perfume, donated by Deer Lodge; necklace donated by Haaland of Deer Lodge.

Tug of war between the married and single men, won by the married men after a hard tussle. Prize, a box of cigars. Married ladies blindfold race, 1st, Mrs. C. E. Altop, of Boulder, lady's step-ins, donated by Gannons of Deer Lodge; 2nd, Mrs. Long, of Harlem, bottle of perfume, donated by the Symons of Butte.

Young ladies' race back walking, Miss Blanche Spaur, of

Butte, a broach donated by Coleman's of Deer Lodge; 2nd, Miss Rathburn, a pair of silk hose donated by the Golden Rule of Deer Lodge.

Running race for young girls, 1st, Mary Thompson, of Deer Lodge, necklace donated by Haaland of Deer Lodge.

Hop-step, won by C. E. Altop, handkerchief.

Swimming contest, won by C. E. Altop, wind shield wiper, donated by Nugent & Armenia of Boulder.

Staying under water the longest, Louis Knopp, of Deer Lodge, Waterman's fountain pen donated by Kenneth H. Wood, of Deer Lodge; 2nd, Mr. Brant, Turkish towels donated by Hennessy's.

Waltzing contest, 1st, E. V. Kemp, of Boulder and Miss Edith Wilhelm, of Whitehall, \$2.25; 2nd, Christ Thompson and Mrs. E. V. Kemp, box of stationery, donated by the Keystone Drug Co., of Deer Lodge.

Starter, H. J. Menzemer; judges, C. E. Altop, V. E. Kemp, R. Ryan, Fred J. Low and Christ Thompson.

The association passed a resolution most cordially thanking the merchants for the prizes donated. The election of officers for the ensuing biennial period resulted as follows: President, Carl V. Spencer, Livingston; vice-president, V. E. Kemp, of Boulder; secretary, Mrs. Bessie H. Brown, of Boulder; treasurer, Fred J. Low, of Boulder. The convention closed with a banquet held at the Boulder Hot Springs which was a most enjoyable affair. Everyone in attendance reports that it was a most successful gathering.

## Bob's Health Game

By HELENA LORENZ WILLIAMS

"WHAT'S the good of bein' clean," mumbled Bob, whose mother had just made him get up from the table to wash his pot black hands, before he tackled a large slice of bread with which he always began his dinner.

"It makes you healthy", answered his mother. That was all she had time to say, because at that moment the baby dropped a spoon on the floor and in the attempt to see where it had gone put his whole face in a bowl of oatmeal. It was a dramatic moment. Mother was distressed and Bob and father laughed until the tears rolled down their cheeks.

Bob's mother was right, however. And the very next day at school he found out why. Miss Evans, the pretty teacher who had just come to Cornish from another town, introduced to the class a strange lady carrying a large portfolio. The lady, it turned out, was the county school nurse, and Miss Evans had asked her to talk to the class about a new game called the Modern Health Crusade.

It was the strangest game Bob had ever heard about. A fellow became a knight in a great war for health against the enemy Disease. Stranger yet was the fact that in order to stay in the game one had to wash one's hands, clean one's teeth, take a bath, and eat green vegetables. But the funniest thing of all was that these mean jobs no longer seemed so hateful. Because suddenly they became sword thrusts at an enemy, and the oftener one gave a thrust, the worse for the enemy and the better for the warrior. A really good warrior, in fact, was pretty sure of victory, which in this case meant that he was not likely to be bothered with measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough, and other awful things that some people were always getting. Bob had had the mumps once and to his dying day he wouldn't forget what it had felt like to have such a funny face and to stay indoors.

On his way home from school, Bob and his little neighbor Lillian and her brother Joe, talked the matter over. Girls,

it seemed, could be Modern Health Crusaders, too. And they all decided enthusiastically that keeping clean, eating green vegetables, and doing the other "chores" might not be so bad. The Crusaders received promotions in rank like the knights in King Arthur's day, from knight to knight banneret after which they could become knight of the Round Table.

One of the "chores" was to keep one's fingers out of one's mouth. "Gosh", said Bob, "maybe I could teach the baby to keep his fist out of his mouth." As he went through his front yard he read over the chores, marked on the score card which Miss Evans and the nurse had given him to read:

1. I washed my hands before each meal today.
2. I brushed my teeth thoroughly.
3. I tried hard to keep fingers and pencils out of my mouth and nose.
4. I carried a clean handkerchief.
5. I drank three glasses of water, but no tea nor coffee.
6. I tried to eat only wholesome food including vegetables and fruit.
7. I drank slowly two glasses of milk.
8. I went to toilet at regular time.
9. I played outdoors or with windows open a half hour.
10. I was in bed eleven or more hours last night, windows open.
11. I had a complete bath on each day of the week that is checked.

There are more than seven million boys and girls in the United States who are enrolled in the Modern Health Crusade. They are all in the war against disease, particularly tuberculosis, in order to make a healthier and happier America. In order to give a still greater number of children the opportunity to enlist in this army, the National Tuberculosis Association will hold its seventeenth Christmas seal sale throughout the country in December.

#### A GREAT MEDIUM

THE WORKER is a great medium and the special Frat number is a distinct boost to both the paper and the organization.

H. C. ANDERSON,  
Grand President N. F. S. D.

## Difficulties of Ours VII



"The fellow who swipes our pencil," as per Alexander L. Pach in the June SILENT WORKER.

## The Peacemaker

BY HAFFORD D. HETZLER

My wife and I are happy as most other couples are,  
As we meander down our chosen wedded path.  
We do not scratch the table when we have a little jar,  
And we seldom break the dishes in our wrath.  
For the Lord has made provision,  
If we have a small collision,  
For method that will end our wordly fight.  
If I wish to close the matter  
I don't break her head, or flatter,  
I just get up and then turn out the light.

We have our blessings, tho we're not aware of it,  
And we very seldom need to spit and brawl  
Like the kittens of Kilkenny, they who fit and fit and fit,  
Until there was nothing left of them at all.  
There's no use to stew and simmer  
Long as we can douse the glimmer,  
There's no use in buying beefsteaks for our eye.  
We can dress our brows with laurels,  
And end the worst of quarrels,  
If we only gum the fuses on the sly.

Let us all join in together with our thanks to whoso made,  
Within a bulb, a gleaming light to sprout,  
And let us lump affection with our sincere accolade  
To whom invented how to put it out.  
For a poor and simple chappie  
I am rather gay and happy,  
And dance along as blithsome as a lark.  
Wife no longer makes a billet  
Of my coco for a skillet,  
For she can't see where to park it in the dark!

INDIANAPOLIS, October 22.

### DEAF-MUTES QUARREL SAME AS OTHER MARRIED FOLKS, BUT IN UNIQUE WAY

Being married to a deaf-mute is no protection against family disputes. Perhaps she may make less noise about it, but she will submit her defense with just as much vigor as her sister whose senses of speech and hearing are fully developed. This bit of inside domestic information was volunteered the other day by the husband in the case. He happens to be a deaf-mute, too.

The interview was unusual in that the questions and answers were exchanged with the aid of pencil and paper. The opening inquiry as to whether he and his wife ever had any spats required no written reply. He grinned broadly and shook his head with energy in the affirmative.

"How do you let her know that you're mad?" the interrogator spelled out.

"I make faces and send my message with the aid of my fingers," was the answer.

"Then what does she do?"

"She makes faces, too, and tells me with her fingers what she thinks of me."

"Then what?"

"Well, if she's coming at me too fast, I turn out the lights. That's the end of the argument."—*Trenton Times-Advertiser*.

First Girl—"What are you waiting for? Why don't you finish your letter to Ella?"

Second Girl—"I don't know whether to say 'Ever yours, with truest love,' or simply 'Yours affectionately.' You see, I can't endure Ella—I think she's detestable!"—*Harper's*.

## The Year's Work for the Deaf of England, Etc.

By SELYWN OXLEY

(Officier Instruction Publique Des Beaux Arts Francais)

(Officier Instruction Publique Des Beaux Arts Francais)

Time flies and before we can in the least realize it another year has completed its appointed course of three hundred and sixty-six days, and once more it is our work to make a brief survey of its doings, for our friends of the New World.

Possibly, in Europe the three chief outstanding events have been the Liege Diamond Jubilee International Congress; The Olympic Games for the Deaf of Paris; and the conferring of the high honour of the Red Cross of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour on M. Eugene Graffe, of Paris, who was chosen by his fellow Deaf for this unique honor because of the great work he had done in raising a very large sum in France for the new Institute for the Adult Deaf of Paris, and the other parts of France.

Our own visits overseas led us to Holland, where we saw all the five wonderful schools, as well as the superb library of seventeen thousand books dealing with this subject at Groningen, and we were asked to lecture to the Dutch Deaf

acotta Deaf School well repays a visit to the Indian Court and does great credit to the Christian educational and evangelical work of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society. There is also a Programme of an old deaf play acted at Drury Lane many years ago, which deals with the story of the Abbe de l' Epee of Paris, whose great successor, Sicard, has recently celebrated his centenary.



PREPARING FOR THE STONE-LAYING APRIL 22, 1924, BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.



STONE-LAYING OF NEW ST. BEDE'S DEAF INSTITUTE

Workers at their annual meeting at Dordrecht at midsummer.

Later we saw something of the vast educational work done for the Swiss Deaf and Hard of Hearing. In fact, this latter problem has been a matter of great moment throughout the old world.

In Scotland, an excellent League has been started in Glasgow for the thousand odd folk who come under this class of Deafened folk. In London, our Guild of St. John of Beverley has been thrown open to deal with this aspect of affairs, and a splendid League has been initiated by Miss Maud Randle, of 17, Langton Road, London, S. W.2, herself deaf and in deep trouble through the loss of her lover, father, two brothers, and one aunt in one and a half years. Although at work all day, her full spare time is given up to this splendid task of cheering these supremely lonely folk.

In our own church council of deaf missionaries the questions of a national temperance examinations, overseas work, the training of future missionaries have been urgent matters of debate and much important work has been carried through with conspicuous success.

Several of our older workers have died or retired and a few younger men are very slowly being found to take their place. The first report of the Rev. A. W. Blaxall has been received and is most wonderful, inspiring and encouraging, and shows what magnificent work he has in one short year accomplished in the Union of South Africa.

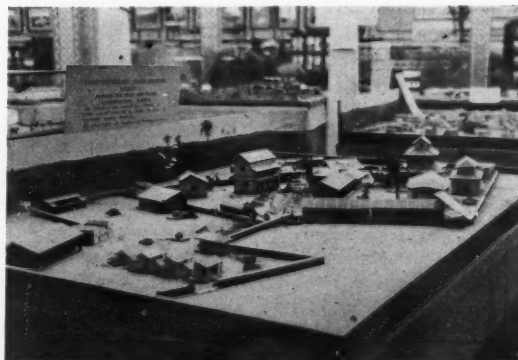
Indian Deaf Work is the chief representation of our world at the renowned Wembley Exhibition, the model of the Palm-

Some new history with regard to St. John of Beverley and some deaf artists has been discovered and recorded.

But the chief English events of the year have certainly been the stone-laying of the new Shepherds Bush (London) Deaf Institute by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on April 22nd, 1924, and the stone-laying and opening of the new St. Bedes Deaf Institute in Clapham Road, S. W. London. These great events are of national and epoch making importance, as indeed is the inauguration of the National Institute for the Deaf as a centralizing body for all deaf organizations in our land.

Our chief chaplain, the Rev. F. W. G. Gilby, had the honor of being presented to His Majesty the King, in recognition of many years of devoted service, as did the writer last June.

Great progress is apparent in many of our Provincial Deaf Schools and Missions, notably Manchester and Leicester, Newcastle, and Hampshire among the latter. We also learn that both in Denmark, Holland and Italy, healthy signs of



PALMACOTTA DEAF SCHOOL, SOUTH INDIA

progressive activity are to be detected. Many prominent visitors from all lands have been amongst us during the last twelve months, and they were greatly interested in our work. So it will be seen that the recent year throughout the whole of the old world is very far from being unsatisfactory, and deaf workers may indeed give thanks to God and take fresh courage for the days which lie ahead.

# Who's Who in the Deaf World

*Names will be printed alphabetically as they come from month to month and when completed the list will be turned over to a National Committee who will recommend such persons as deserve of a place in the WHO'S WHO book which we are planning to publish in the near future. We hope those who have failed to furnish us with data about themselves will not delay any longer than can be helped. If your name is omitted it will not be our fault. We wish to be informed of any error discovered in the list in this magazine so that we can make the corrections for the book.*

**HEBER, EDWARD WILLIAM.** Born June, 1875, at Belleville, Ill. Life Insurance Clerk, with the Franklin Life Insurance Co., Springfield, Ill. Lives at 1122 W. Edwards St., Springfield. Fair speaker; fair lip-reader; fair signmaker. Attended Public Schools at Belleville, Illinois; Illinois School for the Deaf 1892-1893 (graduate); Sheldon School of Science Building of Chicago, graduate Class 1919 (Correspondence Course); member Illinois Alumni Association; Illinois Association of the Deaf; National Association of the Deaf. Lost hearing at twelve years from scarlet fever (total). No deaf relatives. Married, 1905, to Miss A. J. Nichols (deaf). Has one hearing child. Wife died in 1920. She was an expert lip-reader, having been taught orally since she was three years old. She graduated from Illinois School for the Deaf in 1897. Mr. Heber was in the Shipping Department for the State of Illinois (Secretary of State). Compiled Express and Postal Guide for Illinois (temporarily only); was assistant foreman at the Shoe Factory before the above. He improved his education by correspondence courses as he could not enter Gallaudet College. Is a self-made man, having succeeded all through his own efforts. Holds an important position as a life insurance clerk. Was treasurer of the Illinois Association of the Deaf from 1904 to 1915; also Treasurer Local Committee of I. A. D. Convention at Springfield Aug. 10-14 1922.

**REIDER, JAMES STRAUSE.** Born Jan. 22, 1865, at Pine Grove, Schuylkill Co., Pennsylvania. Lithograph Artist with Brenkert & Kessler Co., 701-709 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Home address: 1538 N. Dover St., Philadelphia, Pa. Fair speaker; poor lip-reader; excellent signmaker. Educated at Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, 1875-1881; Public School, about two and a half years. Member National Association of the Deaf, National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, P. O. S. of America, Clerc Literary Association of the Deaf, Alumni Association Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, etc. Lost hearing from brain fever (total). Married May 14, 1890, to Ida Boyd Brooks (deaf). One hearing child. Held following important positions: President Chirological Literary Society, number of years; President P. S. A. D. 16 consecutive years; Treasurer 5 years; Secretary several years; manager many terms, and member over 40 years. Lay Reader about 40 years. Secretary-Treasurer of C. L. A. 11 consecutive years; correspondent of SILENT WORKER about 12 years; Deaf-Mutes' Journal 28 years, Silent World about 10 years, etc.

**ROBERTSON, ROBERT MOTION.** Born July 6th, 1876, at Worn Perthshire, Scotland. Home address: 20 Melrose Ave., North Arlington, N. J. Poor speaker; poor lip-reader; good signmaker. Has one brother and two sisters totally deaf, also three brothers and one sister (all hearing). Was educated at the Deaf and Dumb Institution, Edinburgh, Scotland, 1883-1891. Served apprenticeship as cabinetmaker for five years; was also trained to read the blue prints and rod. Emigrated

to this country June 3, 1901. Was employed, in New York City, Newark, Jersey City, Elizabeth, N. J., and Berwick, Pa. Born totally deaf. Cabinetmaker with E. H. Harrison, Bro. Inc., Newark, N. J. Has been with E. H. Harrison Bros. for the past seventeen years, with the exception of one year with Hyatt Roller Bearing Company of Harrison, N. J., as an instructor of grinding to the deaf-mutes. Became a citizen of U. S. A. in 1908. Married April 15th, 1902, to Christina B. Budge, of Edinburgh, Scotland (totally deaf). Now deceased. Has one hearing daughter. Remarried Sept. 14th, 1921, to Mary A. Turner (hearing), also of Edinburgh, Scotland, No family. Charter member of Newark No. 42, N. F. S. D. Was Secretary for two and a half years. Member of New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society Inc., Newark, N. J. Has held various offices as President and Secretary for some years. At present Treasurer of that organization. Was one of the organizers of St. Thomas Mission, Newark, N. J., on March 21st, 1919. Was president for three years; at present as clerk and head worker. Was member of New Jersey State Association for the deaf, (now defunct). Will be member of N. A. D. Owns one family house, which was planned and practically built by himself.

**STEVENS, HARRY EUGENE.** Born Feb. 1, 1868, at Philadelphia, Pa. Architect. Business address: 1513 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. Home address: 26 East Cedar Ave., Merchantville, N. J. Excellent speaker, lip-reader and signmaker. Educated at Institution for Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, 904 Lexington Ave., New York City, N. Y., 1874-1884. Member of following societies: Pennsylvania Society of Sons of Revolution, Patriotic Order Sons of America, National Association of the Deaf, Independence Hall Branch N. A. D., National Geographical Society, All Souls' Parish Guild, All Souls' Church for the Deaf; National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, Philadelphia Division No. 30; American Society for Judicial Settlement of International Disputes; Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Gallaudet Club of Philadelphia, All Souls' Social Club, Alumni Association of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, Clerc Literary Association of Philadelphia, Philadelphia Fish Culturist Association, Deaf-Mutes' Union League of New York, Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, Pennsylvania State Agent, De l'Epee Memorial Statue Fund, Gallaudet Monument Replica Fund, N. A. D. Lost hearing at 6 from cerebro spinal meningitis (total). No deaf relatives. Married Sept. 22, 1893, to Miss Teresse Elma Glenn (deaf). One hearing child (dead). Has held the following important positions: President Clerc Literary Association, several years; Secretary, 5 years; Treasurer, 2 years; Accounting Warden, All Souls' Church for the Deaf, 15 years; Secretary, 7 years; Secretary, Pennsylvania Society of the Advancement of the Deaf, 2 years; President Independence Hall Branch of the N. A. D., 2 years; President Philadelphia Division No. 30, N. F. S. D., 2 years, Treasurer, 1 year; President Gallaudet Club of Philadelphia, 2 years; Secretary-Treasurer, 14 years.

# THE DEAF WORLD

Compiled by Kelly Stevens

Something new will be attempted here in the near future. Dr. Robert H. Gault, of Northwestern University, through the influence of the National Research Council, will investigate the possibility of communicating spoken language to the deaf through the sense of touch. Mr. Gault is able to come here because of a special appropriation by the Laura Spelman Foundation. He was invited to come to Gallaudet, as it offers perhaps the best field for his special work. A number of students have volunteered to let Mr. Gault experiment with them.

The whole city of Washington is suffering from a severe attack of baseball fever. Gallaudet fans have not escaped the malady. We hear only talk about the World's Series, wherever we turn. Many of us were "short on luck," when we tried to get reserved-seat tickets, and far more among the "disappointed thousands" that were turned away from the bleacher gates after being in line five hours or more. But thanks to radio and Mr. Hopper's kindness, we are getting the games play by play in the Reading Room. Mr. Hopper has his receiving set tuned-in every afternoon and gets the official broadcasting account of each game. On a large slate having a miniature diamond on it, Mr. Craig (Normal) sketches each play as received by Mr. Hopper. From beginning to end of the diamond tilts, we know who bats, how many strikes, balls, hits, fouls, etc., each player gets, where each hit goes, how outs were made, and runs scored, when a sub is sent in, or a pinch hitter, in short, every happening that goes to make a ball game. Pandemonium breaks loose in the room repeatedly. The Co-eds come over to see the games, too.—*College Correspondent in the Journal*.

## AN UNPROFITABLE TRANSACTION

A deaf man went into a butcher shop and inquired the price of a large bone, which he thought would do to make soup. "Oh, I'll give you that," said the butcher. The customers did not catch the butcher's reply. "Can't you take something off?" he asked querulously. "Yes," said the butcher, "you can have it for 25 cents."—*Chicago Daily News*.

## WASTE OF LANGUAGE

The mother of the child who had been bitten by a fox terrier belonging to a neighbor, Mrs. Green, gave an authoritative rat-tat at the latter's doorway. The

elderly woman, and the vials of the mother's wrath were poured forth.

"You're Mrs. Green, I suppose?" She said, "Green by name an' green by nature. I should call you, to keep a ferocious animile like that there fox terrier o' yourn abitin' of innocent children an' a-terrierizing the whole neighborhood! I'll have the law on you! I'll make you pay! D'you hear. I'll sue you for damages and 'ave that 'orrible dog shot, I will."

Then, as she paused for breath, the elderly woman produced a slate and pencil and said in a mildly apologetic tone, "Very sorry, but would you mind writin' it all down? I'm stone deaf!"—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

## DRIVER, HELD FOR RUNNING DOWN CHILD, IS DEAF

A deaf-mute automobile driver, Alexander Tinglino, twenty-nine years old, of Philadelphia, was arraigned today in Essex Market Court and held in \$3,000 bail for examination October 15. Tinglino was charged with felonious assault as the result of an automobile accident near No. 33 Jefferson street, last night, in which eight-year-old Theodore Emmons, of No. 238 Madison street, suffered a fractured thigh.

When Magistrate Weil first attempted to question Tinglino it was revealed that the man is deaf. The Magistrate's question, as to how long Tinglino had been driving an automobile, was written on paper and passed to the prisoner. He wrote his answer, that he has had a license for three and one-half years. The Magistrate announced that he will ask the Philadelphia authorities why an automobile license was issued to a deaf-mute.—*Trenton Times*.

## RADIO PARTIALLY AIDS DEAF

For those persons whose hearing is only partially impaired radio is a benefit, but there are no instances where radio has restored hearing to the deaf, according to Dr. A. L. E. Crouter, head physician in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Mount Airy.

Doctor Crouter said Tuesday he has tried several tests with patients at his institution, in all degrees of impaired hearing, but without success.

"No benefit has resulted to the totally deaf from these experiments," he said. "They can hear no more than they could before.

"However, for those persons whose hearing is only slightly affected and who can normally hear intense or loud sounds, the radio is a benefit. It is not the great benefit we had hoped it to be, even for this class. The sound to such persons is not natural. It is muffled and indistinct.

"The radio, for those whose hearing is slightly affected, has the same effect as the placing of the hand upon a piano. An indistinct vibration is detected. It is little different from the sounds detected over the telephone.

"All these cases of deafness may have the same reason behind them. Both the telephone and the radio increase the intensity of the vibration, so that the sound wave strikes the ear drum with a greater force. It is because the ear of those who have some sense of hearing left has become insensible to anything but the most intense beating of sound waves upon it that they cannot hear distinctly. Because of that, when they put the receiving phones over their ears they can hear better because the small phones concentrate the volume of sound within them and intensify the vibration."—*North American*.

## PUPILS WITH DEFECTIVE HEARING TO BE TAUGHT LIP READING

Many Baltimore school children whose hearing is impaired will be taught to "see" what their teachers are saying, this fall.

Clara is 12 years old, for instance. She has fallen behind her schoolmates of equal age. Her worst fault seems to be a lack of attention. She is bright enough, but she just doesn't seem to pay attention to the teacher.

Years ago the Claras in Baltimore schools were scolded and punished. Today her teacher observes her carefully and has her examined. It is usually found that Clara's hearing is defective.

She has to strain to hear the teacher, when other children hear easily.

Dr. Walter F. Cobb, in charge of physical education in Baltimore schools, is starting work this fall to enable the many "Claras" in Baltimore to keep pace with other children of their age, through lip-reading and training them to hear better.

He has brought Miss Olive Whildin here from Rochester, N. Y., where she has been successful in similar work. Miss Whildin probably will travel from school to school, and gather up the par-

tially deaf children for lessons in lip-reading and "auricular training" in each school. It is not probable that special classes will be established.

Dr. Cobb does not know exactly how many children need this training, but surveys of several schools showed several in each school. There is already a "special class" for deaf children.—*Baltimore Post*, Aug. 21, 1924



#### A DEAF ACTOR WHO SPEAKS (Translated from *La Gazette des Sourds Muets*.)

From time to time we have spoken of M. Maurice Monjardet, a deaf youth possessed of the ability to speak (a former pupil of Professor Dejean, of the Institution of Paris,) who is an expert automobilist, having neither borne nor caused an accident.

Now he is playing in a comedy with hearing players. Thus far he has played the roles of Baroco in "The Jesters," of Macrin; in "Caraccalla," of Desvallettes in "Extra," and of Pierre Veber; of Edgene Sourcier in "The Man of Crystal," and of Durvenis in "The Woman of Bronze." The audience were not aware of his deafness. His responses were delivered at the correct time and in a fine manner.

This seems almost unbelievable. But when one reflects on the successful endeavors made by M. Dautresme, at the Institution of Paris, one is forced to recognize the fact that, besides many deaf mimics, there are many deaf persons, speaking excellently, who have the treatment, temperament and the passion for scenic acting able to hold to this line of business for many purposes.

But Maurice Monjardet plays as an amateur, for his personal pleasure.

He has written us as follows:

"I seem almost as if I heard myself, and I am well pleased with the result of my almost daily studies."

Study, work! That is what we all must do.

Let us add in closing that Maurice Monjardet plays football with hearing comrades.

An all-round fine young man, we think.  
—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.



#### TEACHING THE DEAF A SUCCESS

Deaf has relieved the situation and con- been a Danville institution so long, many of us have come merely to take it for granted, not realizing the amazing things it has done toward giving the deaf of the state a chance for success virtually equal to that of their more fortunate brothers who can hear.

"Merely because a person is deaf is no sign that he is any different, otherwise, from anyone else," said Superintendent Augustus Rogers this morning. "Many people seem to think that a deaf person must necessarily be handicapped in other ways; but he most decidedly is not. Lack of hearing," he declared with emphasis, by blinking his eyes.

Skeptics set off a bunch of firecrackers beneath his feet and Clarence distractedly "assuredly does not imply lack gray matter."

"The purpose of our school is only to give these people who, through some un-

lucky chance, have been deprived of the sense of sound, a chance to develop their latent possibilities."

Mr. Rogers has been superintendent of the school for twenty-eight years. During that time the personnel and attendance has grown enormously, and deaf boys and girls from all parts of the state have been enabled, upon graduation, to take prominent places in the professional and business world.

One boy graduate of the school now holds a fine position in the printing department of Henry Ford's "Dearborn Independent" and another, who is an expert in the same line, has been for years an employee of the "Marion Star," where he worked under the late President Harding.

Architects, chemists, mathematicians, educators, scientists and writers have attended the Danville school, and although totally deaf, have been enabled to take their places in the business and scientific world to which they otherwise would have been entitled.

"There is absolutely no limit to what a deaf persons can accomplish, with industry and resolution. Deafness is not the insurmountable handicap that it may to some people seem—and it once was. Schools like ours merely teach a boy or a girl to find other means of getting their personalities and ideas into constructive work; afterward they follow the normal lines of progress."

During Mr. Rogers' regime several new buildings have been added to the plant, among them a dormitory for smaller children and a large gymnasium now under construction.

Among such schools, the Danville institution is a pioneer, being the first of its kind west of the Alleghanies and the first to be supported by public funds in the United States.—By James B. Aswell, Jr., in *Danville Daily Messenger*.



#### 'MUTE' RETURNS TALKING WITH SHERIFF

Cody, Wyoming.—When a "deaf-mute" came home with the sheriff here Monday and started to talk, many a lady gasped and sought to remember what they said in the man's presence. The "mute," Clarence A. Brownell, who played the part for three months, was captured just this side of the Montana line Sunday evening by Sheriff W. H. Loomis. He is charged with departing with the bankroll of his fiancée and erstwhile employer.

Brownell came here from Massachusetts three months ago. His sphinx-like personality made a hit. Soon he played in the town band; he played the piano evenings at the picture show and was in considerable demand socially because of his silent gayety.

There are always those who suspect. If any of Cody's population suspected Brownell of simulating his affliction, their fears were allayed by a course of experiments which proved to them, beyond the suspicion of a doubt, that the man was deaf and dumb.

An automobile party in which he was joy-riding tumbled over an embankment. While the rest of the party yelled and screamed with terror and extricated themselves with wild jargon, Brownell climbed out of the debris, registering excitement edly consulted his wrist watch, yawned and strolled away. The iceman ker-

plunked a 250 pound cake of ice behind him with a thud that rattled windows and the experiment didn't fraze him.

Convinced of Clarence's deafness and dumbness, lady friends grew careless in their conversation in his presence. Delicate subjects were bandied by the women, some of whom got a kick out of being able to make remarks in front of a man, especially because he couldn't hear.

And so, Clarence disappeared. And when he came back Monday, talking volubly to make up for the three months silence, no wonder that the Widow Smith fainted and the Widow Jones had hysterics.

For the time being Clarence is in the calaboose, but he has a stranglehold on a lot of secrets which may help him out of his dilemma.



#### THE BUREAU OF LABOR FOR THE DEAF

To the Editor:

A communication from Raleigh is to the effect that Nominee Frank Grist of the Department of Labor and Printing is to make a clean sweep of the office to which he will be elected this fall, and the department of the deaf in the office will be abolished.

Realizing the good of the bureau of labor, the deaf of this State and their friends would not approve of its abolishment.

An act to create in the department of printing and labor in North Carolina a division devoted to the deaf was enacted in 1923 and has accomplished so much good that it justifies the expense of maintaining it to meet the needs of the deaf. Through the bureau, a great many deaf people have secured suitable employment and their work has given entire satisfaction. Their efficiency has been demonstrated, and obstacles in the way of their success have been removed. They aid in the progress of the state. The bureau is overcoming prejudices on the part of the employer against the deaf employees.

Before the bureau was established, the State Department of Labor and Printing was unable to aid the deaf in securing employment, not owing to lack of interest in them, but owing to the lack of understanding of their ability and needs. Another reason was the great abundance of office work that had to be done and the small number of workers in the department.

Many deaf persons cried for employment and did not know where they could secure it. The Bureau of Labor for the Deaf has relieved the situation and continues to be helpful to the deaf.

Mr. James M. Robertson, efficient chief of the bureau, keeps in touch with many industrial plants and commercial organizations which give employment to the deaf in such lines as they are capable of doing the work. He says he is constantly receiving requests from employers for help and so far has been unable to supply the demand.

The bureau has extended its work in aiding the families of those afflicted, and many appeals for such aid have been answered and assistance rendered. Mr. Robertson helps the deaf by assisting deaf travelers en route to various places; seeing that every advantage of education is given deaf children, and adjusting personal matters.

The money spent for the maintenance of this bureau is well invested; therefore it would be unwise to do away with it. The North Carolina Association of the Deaf, which held its convention in Asheville recently, went on record as favoring the deaf, and the retention of Mr. James M. Robertson as chief of the bureau.

People who are interested in the welfare, betterment and advancement of the deaf, are requested to use their best endeavors to prevent the abolishment of this department for the deaf. Their help will be greatly appreciated by the deaf.

ROBERT C. MILLER,  
Secretary of the N. C. Association of the Deaf, Morganton, N. C.—*News and Observer*.

#### MARRIAGE OF MISS ELLEN A.

PEARSON TO MR. ROY J. STEWARD  
On Wednesday, Sept. 3rd, Miss Ellen A. Pearson was united in marriage to Mr. Roy J. Stewart of Washington, D. C. The ceremony took place at high noon at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Pearson, in Tekamah, Neb., in the presence of her immediate relatives and one or two friends. After the ceremony a bountiful dinner was served; the table being prettily decorated. The bride was dressed in Copenhagen and blue brocade velvet crepe, simply adorned with sparkling ornament at each hip; carried a bouquet of pale pink roses.

Mr. Stewart is a graduate of the Michigan School for the Deaf and of Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C. He has long held a position there in a government office.

Mrs. Stewart graduated from the School for the Deaf at Omaha, Neb., and also Gallaudet College where their romance began.

After her graduation from college she went to the North Dakota School for the Deaf, at Devils Lake where she held the position of supervisor of girls and teacher of sewing and physical training for three years. She was also a teacher here nearly three years. Wherever she went she gained popularity and the esteem of every one. The school family wishes her happiness in her future life. The couple will make their home in Washington, D. C.

*South Dakota Banner.*

One of the Omaha dailies had a full page write-up of "Dummy" Taylor, with pictures of him and Mrs. Taylor, and base-ball cartoons of "Dummy" when he was with the New York Giants from 1900 to 1908. We would like to reproduce it here, but it is impossible to do so. Of him William F. Kirk, sport writer, paid the following tribute, no doubt inspired by the ten straight winning games he pitched in 1905:

You're a pitcher tried and true  
Dummy Taylor;

Let me raise my lid to you,  
Dummy Taylor.

When you do that corkscrew turn  
And your speed begins to burn,  
You create profound concern,  
Dummy Taylor.

Yesterday you made 'em stare,  
Dummy Taylor,

When your foemen fanned the air,  
Dummy Taylor.

Air was what they mostly struck—  
Now and then they raked the muck—

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And 'twas not a case of luck,  
Dummy Taylor.  
As a talker you're a shine,  
Dummy Taylor,

But full many a friend of mine,  
Dummy Taylor,  
Could secure the world's regard  
If he didn't talk so loud  
And performed like you, old pard,  
Dummy Taylor

The newspaper spoke of him as the  
"only baseball idol the fans have never  
forgotten." We are proud of you, Dum-  
my; yes, we sure are.—*The Kansas Star.*

#### HOW THE HARTFORD SCHOOL ALUMNI APPRAISE THE LATE J. E. CRANE

John E. Crane came and went. He left behind him a memory enshrined in the hearts of the Alumni of the A. S. D.—a memory that will always be held in reverence wherever groups of the deaf of New England congregate—a memory interwoven with the upbuilding of the prestige, reputation, and influence of the A. S. D.

He was the last, except one, of the older generation of teachers at "Old Hartford." His life was truly one of noble service. He gave his mind and his heart to the education of the deaf. He was an excellent example of the pioneer band of deaf teachers who went forth among the different schools for the deaf in the 19th century at a time when the ability of the deaf to teach the deaf was an unknown quality. To this pioneering spirit is due the fact that the teaching of the deaf by the deaf is a recognized profession.

He had a rare quality in his make-up that is not necessarily true of every teacher. He held the respect of his pupils, both in and out of the classroom, whereas too many of the general run of teachers held or forced the respect of the pupils in the classroom, but not at all outside of it.

Which can be explained by one simple thing—the absolute sincerity of all his endeavors, whether in or out of the classroom. He did not limit his efforts to the four walls of the room but rather extended the wall, until, figuratively speaking, they were outside of the school building.

It cannot be denied that the pupils—at least during my time—imbibed unsurpassed mastery of the sign-language in the chapel than from any other

teacher. It was a demonstrable fact that the heart of every one of the pupils fluttered in pleasurable anticipation of the "pantomimical" treat every time his turn came on Sundays.

One could visualize the attitude of mind of others less fortunate in the delivery of the sign language best expressed by this comment: "Well, it was born in him." Those having such a mental attitude merely failed to discern under the surface a certain—his habit of honestly and sincerely attacking every task that came to hand was the largest element in developing his natural ability as a sign-maker to its full fruition. In other words, without conscious development, his prestige in the delivery of the sign-language would not have been what it was.

His life absorbed in the service of the deaf, a honest, sincere man, a personality marked by kindness in contact with his fellow-deaf, an entertainer and instructor through the medium of sign-language unsurpassed for spell-bound interest and clarity of thought, a character to be forever linked with the annals of the A. S. D.—such was John E. Crane.

Appropriate efforts should be made by the Alumni to perpetuate the memory of Mr. Crane in some simple, suitable manner.

MICHAEL LAPIDES,  
President, A. S. A. A.



#### A SCHOOL ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD

There are said to be some 11,000 "deaf mutes" in Burma, and I knew there was one school and that it was located at Rangoon, but, with many other schools fresh in my mind, I was not prepared for the happy surprise in store for me when I entered the unpretentious little rented cottage that is the present home of the "Training College for Teachers and School for the Deaf," situated in the Shan Road of the Capital of Burma.

To American ears the term "College" is rather pretentious for so modest an undertaking as this is at present, but the English association with the word is not ours, and to them it is not bombastic.

When I told the American Consul (a real "live wire") the day previous to my visit, what I wanted to do, he at once asked if he might accompany me. A request I was delighted to grant and which placed him in a class by himself among all the American Consuls I have met in many lands. He then and there called

the school on the telephone and made an appointment for the following morning at nine.

The spirit of the place is the beautiful, intensely devoted spirit of the remarkable woman who has it, Miss Mary F. Chapman, who has also had the wonderful good fortune to find two other women—Miss Walden and Miss Morrison—whose souls burn with the same gentle and self-sacrificing spirit that glows in her.

I was pleased and interested to have this noble woman say that she owed her first knowledge that there was an "Oral Method" of teaching the deaf to the *VOLTA REVIEW*, copies of which she found in an institution in India.

Her little school is as purely oral as any I have ever visited and she took her inspiration from the pages of this magazine which she found on the other side of the world.

In 1902 Miss Chapman went to India from England to join the "Church of England Zenana Mission Society," which has several large schools for women and girls and whose organization includes among its many activities a school for the deaf.

The principal of this school fell ill and had to return to England and Miss Chapman was *drafted* to take her place, in spite of her protestations that she knew nothing whatever about the education of the deaf. However, she set herself to learn, and the result has clearly shown that the draft official who put her there knew the woman, as well as his business.

In 1912 she went to Ceylon for the purpose of establishing there a school for the deaf under the auspices of the same Society. She labored in Ceylon intensely for three years with great success and in 1915 she went back to England and resigned.

But in England she learned that in all Burma nothing whatever was done for deaf children. The more she thought about this the more she thought she wanted to go to Burma and do something for those unfortunate boys and girls as she had done for those in Ceylon.

So Miss Chapman came to Rangoon at her own expense and wholly "on her own" and on August 16th, now known as "Founder's Day" in Rangoon, began in a small way to teach the deaf children she had been able to find.

When I visited the school late in January, 1924, there were 21 pupils—11 boys and 10 girls, ranging in age from four and a half to seventeen years, and including half a dozen, or more, nationalities and tribes with distinct languages; Miss Morrison, Miss Walden (the House-mother with strong accent on "mother") and three Burmese young women teachers-in-training.

All these were packed in a small, but very pleasant cottage so open that it was almost like being out of doors in the warm Burman air.

A fine, two-acre site has been secured in one of the best districts of Rangoon, and a "building fund" of 40,000 rupees collected, and Miss Chapman hopes, the Governor will soon lay the corner stone of her new school on the site and that the remainder of the building fund will be quickly obtained.

It was a great pleasure to me to see what remarkably favorable results are being produced in this little school. The children were alert, full of speech, eager to ask and answer questions, spontaneous, happy—even jolly—working from morning till night at lessons, or lace making,

or weaving, mixed with play. I have seldom seen anywhere as nearly normal a group of deaf children, nor have I ever, anywhere, found a sweeter and more charming atmosphere than in this real family home school.

The Burmese girl student teachers in training were intelligent, eager and alert. Soon they will go into remote parts of the country and emulate Miss Chapman's inspiring example.

The order of the official title of the school indicates the relative importance in Miss Chapman's mind, of the training and teaching activities of the school. She considers the creation of a group of trained and experienced Burmese teachers as her greatest task, for in that way the whole of Burma can eventually be reached.

On the occasion of my second visit to the school, after my trip to Mandalay and up the Irrawaddy to the Chinese frontier at Bhamo, Miss Chapman had just returned from a trip to Moulmein, where she took some pupils, and in *nine meetings in three days* demonstrated for the people of that part of Burma what can be done with a deaf child. That is the sort of propaganda that counts, though it makes severe demands upon strength and purse.

At present English is the language of the school, for, with Chinese, Hindus, East Indians of other languages, Burmans of many differing dialects, Persians and others, it is impossible to use the home language of each child. But English has now become the world language, and with it one can go farther than with any other single tongue. As Burmese teachers are trained and establish other schools and train other Burmans, instruction can be, when desirable, in the home language of the pupil.

Miss Chapman's own words in a note to me sum up the situation. She says, "We are striving to lay the foundations that can be built upon in the future by those who love the deaf and will carry on this work."—*John Dutton Wright in The Volta Review*

### LANGUAGE

The language of the pupils of this school has been wonderfully improved in the last twelve or fifteen years. This is easily seen by the teachers, who have been here all that time. Their school journals, their letters, notes and compositions all bear testimony to it.

One teacher, who has been with this school for thirty years, said a few days ago, "we never see funny and unusual things in the pupils' language any more."

While concentrated effort on the part of all the teachers to secure better language by the pupils has played its part, yet the general reading done in the school has been the strongest factor.

Our old course of study required a pupil to read half a book in a whole year. But the pupils now read fifteen to twenty books in a year to say nothing about other reading which they do because they can.

Reading has also toned up the school in many other ways. The pupils have many more ideas and more knowledge. They are better informed. All of this has a good influence on their language. The children themselves see the force of it as a language builder.

Information develops language and language makes information possible.

What better aim could a school for the Deaf have than the reading aim?—*Ohio Chronicle*.

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## Wise Sayings of Editor Feather

(Courtesy of The Type Metal Magazine)

**M**Y friend, Rodger Dolan, is continually telling me that the man who pays the bills for a good piece of work is entitled to as much credit as the man who actually does the work.

The other day we were walking along the street and I pointed out a new skyscraper to Rodger. I mentioned the name of the architect who designed it, adding that it was a monument to his ability and good taste.

"Yes, that's true," said Dolan, "but don't forget that the architect is never able to design a better building than his client is willing to pay for. The man who paid the bills in this case must have had a fine sense of the beautiful and the appropriate, or he would never have let the architect spend as much money as he did."

Dolan is also arguing that the man who buys a fine painting, who publishes a good book, who invests money in a new invention, is entitled to as much credit as the painter, writer or inventor.

There is a good deal of sense in this point of view.

I remember reading recently about a firm of manufacturing chemists in England, at one time the leaders in their line. The members of the firm became millionaires largely through the fact that one man, an associate, was a very able chemist. When he retired, the firm ceased to develop. His successors employed several able chemists, but these had no control over the business policy and the end was disaster.

The editor of London Engineering states that at one time the leading chemist of this firm was the late Professor Meldola. When he invented his famous blue, however, the firm refused to take it up, and he accordingly published an account of his discovery with the result that it founded the fortune of a leading German firm.

The successor of Meldola was Professor Green, who invented primulin, a dye of an entirely new type. This the firm refused to patent, and within a few weeks it was in consequence made in Germany, the whole advantage being lost to England.

In view of these facts, is it not apparent that the directors of a business who have the judgments, the foresight and the speculative instinct which prompt them to put their money back of a new idea are entitled to as much credit as the originator of the idea?

It is said that only two per cent of inventions are successful marketed. The remainder go into the scrap heap of broken hopes. The profits on the successful invention hardly more than offset the losses on the unsuccessful ones.

It takes courage to back up a new idea with hard cash.

Those men who are able to discern the germ of success in the model of a new device and who are willing to risk their fortunes in the production and marketing outfit are entitled to no small degree of credit.

I am beginning to believe that Dolan is right: that the man who pays the bills is entitled to a lot more credit than he has been getting.

**S**EVERAL years ago there was formed in my town an organization calling itself the "Anti-Noise Society."

The newspaper poked a lot of fun at these people.

I thought they were a queer lot to be spending their time and money campaigning against noise, but I have lately come to a different conclusion.

As I see it now, all noise is waste.

And waste is the chief, if not the only, sin.

A noisy machine is a wasteful machine.

A noisy workman is a wasteful workman.

Great, powerful automobiles, and even trucks, pass my house night and day, and I can scarcely hear them. But let a boy scoot down the sidewalk in a wooden express wagon with steel-rimmed wheels, and the clatter accompanying his progress can be heard for a block.

The other night I visited the engine room of a great factory. Here I saw enormous driving wheels turning, but I could not hear them. I talked with the engineer, and did not have to lift my voice above an ordinary conversational tone.

A few years ago when the average person walked across a bare office floor he disturbed every one in the room. By putting rubber heels on our shoes, and carpets on our floors, we have eliminated most of the noise, and as a consequence the individual himself, together with every one else, has been benefited.

So closely are noise and inefficiency related that the average automobile owner looks for trouble the instant he hears a noise or a squeak in his car.

Quietness denotes efficiency.

Noise is friction, and friction is wasteful. The nearer we can approach absolute elimination of friction the nearer we will be to perpetual motion.

I am among those who believe that people act most quickly on the motive of self-interest. Therefore, if any new anti-noise propaganda is started, I hope it will include the argument outlined here.

**N**OW and then I have a feeling that I ought to write another editorial on Appreciation.

No one has a greater contempt than I for the man who can't work unless someone pats him on the shoulder every other day; and I have an equal contempt for the man who goes on a vacation the day after the boss commends him for a good piece of work.

But there are millions of honest, wholesome, industrious, men and women who would be worth a lot more to themselves and to the world if someone now and then would take a minute to tell them that their efforts are being noticed.

One day a particularly good piece of type composition came to my attention. I sent a word of commendation to the man who did it, and he nearly burst into tears! He had been working at a type case all his life; he loved his work, and for ten years he had been putting his brains and heart into his job. Yet in all that time no one had gone to the trouble of stopping for a moment to say "Good work!"

Business men who would merely send a formal acknowledgment of an order for a hundred-thousand-dollar bill of goods, will sit down and write a personal letter to a thousand-dollar customer who expresses appreciation of some unusual service.

Few of us ever become much more than grown-up children, and if you have anything to do with children let me tell you that there is nothing like appreciation to get results from boys and girls.

If you want a boy to keep his room cleaned up the best way to accomplish this is to compliment him some day

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a college magazine

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July 27, 1924, at East Akron, Ohio, to Mr. and Mrs. Meyer Baliff, a girl, named Florence.

### DEATHS

July 5, 1924, at Royersford, Pa., Theodore E. Jones, aged 62, from paralytic stroke.

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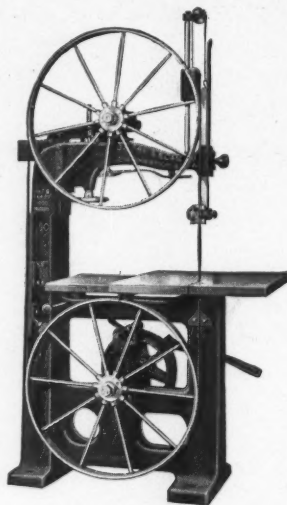
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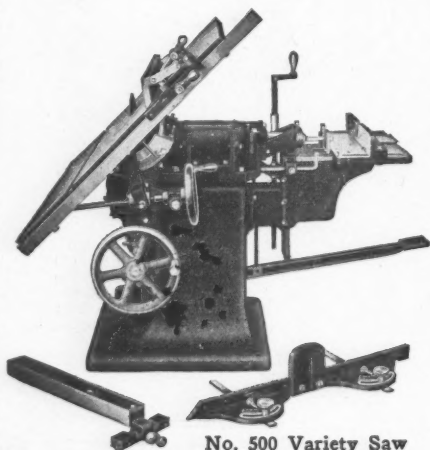
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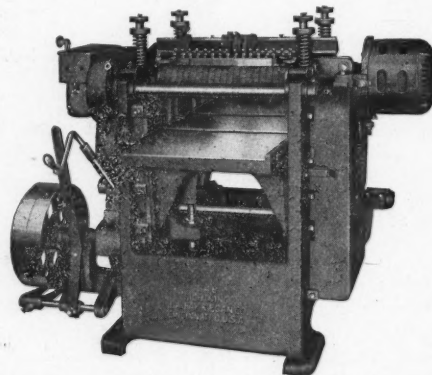
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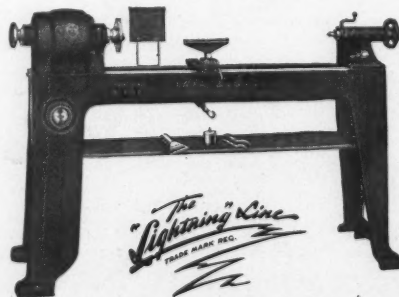
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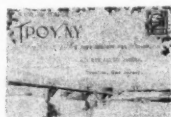
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Umpire, "Gee! I am afraid a snowball will hit my face."